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M E M O I R S

Illustrating the

M A N N E R S

O F T H E

P R E S E N T A G E.

Wherein are Contained

The remarkable INCIDENTS in the Life
of a YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

By Monsieur *DU CLOS*,
Historiographer to the *French* King, and Member
of the Royal Academy at *Paris*.

Translated from the *French* by a Gentleman.

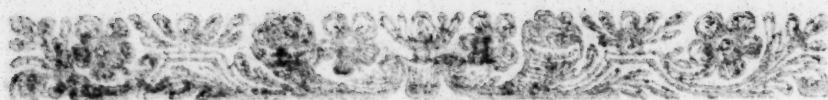
In TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

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MEMOIRS



MANNERS

OF THE

PRESENT AGE

By the Author of the

PRINCE OF PARADISE



Memoirs of the late Dr. Mann, who gave
to the public his excellent observations
on the history of the present age.

The following remarks, and the
which were received by the author, are
immediately several editions in several parts
of Europe. The name is well known, and the
of the Author had prepared the way
for a favourable reception of his work, and
the execution of it was far from disappointing.
The public expectation. His design in
it was to compile a Synopsis of the human
life, which could not be estimated
without taking into consideration an object
of the highest importance. And I have the
pleasure to say, that the work is now in the
press, and will be published in a few days.



THE
TRANSLATOR'S
P R E F A C E.

Monsieur *Du Clos*, shortly after giving to the Public his excellent Observations on the Manners of the current Age, published the following Memoirs, and they were so well received, as to consume immediately several Editions in several Parts of *Europe*. The Name it is true, and Merit of the Author had prepared the Way for a favourable Reception of this Work, and the Execution of it was far from disappointing the public Expectation. His Design in it was to compleat a Synopsis of the human Heart, which could not be effectuated without taking in so considerable an Object

of it as the Provinces of Love and Gallantry; upon which he did not think it sufficient to treat in detached Maxims and Sentences, but has given them a certain Form, Connexion, and Consistence, by choosing for their Ground-work the Intrigues and Procedure of a sprightly young Nobleman, in the Course of which the Reflections that occur are always judicious, always natural, and expressed with an Energy of Succinctness peculiar to himself, they not only rise out of the Events, but are often made to produce them, and thereby virtually acquire the Force of Facts themselves. His Plan and Design are sensibly to explode that egregious Mixture of Vice and Folly which the *Gayloves* of the Age had erected into a Sort of Fashion, and which consisted in debauching as many Women as they could come at, and in triumphing over the Spoils of Virtue and Innocence. Romances, Novels, especially the *French* ones, and even the Stage abusively presented this detestable Depuration of Manners in so gay a Light, and painted the Heroes of these Adventures under such winning Aspects, that even the Women, whose greatest Enemies they are in fact, almost mistook them for their Friends, and the Pirate under these false Colours,

Colours, passed upon them almost preferably to the Fair-Trader. Yet what greater Enmity, or rather Inhumanity can be imagined, than what is the general Practice of these Seducers by Profession, who from that very Fault which they have perhaps with great Pains, and often with great Villainy, brought the Objects of their *Persecution* to commit, take a handle to reproach, despise, and desert them? Yet base and infamous as this Procedure is, even in the Eye of Honour, to say nothing of Morality, which is considered as too *grave* a Term to be employed on this *gay* Occasion, such a Procedure is not only looked on as venial in a Man of Mode, but even serves him as a Title for Success with other Women, weak enough to consider an Injury done to one of their own Sex, rather as a Sacrifice than a Warning to them. It is not only then too little respecting the public Manners, but it is even insulting the common Sense of Mankind; it is imposing on it the grossest Falsity in fact, to represent these Disturbers or Destroyers of the private Peace and Welfare of Society, as amiable Characters, when in reality, nothing more goes to the Composition of them than Folly, Levity, Ingratitude, and that Sort of Effrontery which is dignified

with the Name of an easy Assurance, and is in truth the most dangerous Weapon with which Women can be attacked, in that by dint of presuming a Victory it often obtains it: As indeed few Women would be improperly undertaken unless the Men had conceived a previous Contempt of their Understanding or Virtue. So far too from being Characters that tempt Imitation, these Conquerors will ever appear Objects of almost as much Pity as Blame, to Men of true solid Sense, and who can therefore alone be entitled to a true solid Taste of Pleasure. For in short, what can exist a more worthless or a more tasteless Character, than a Man misapplying the Advantages of Youth, Person, Understanding, and Fortune, to the Pursuit of Women with whom his Success must be dishonourable if he loves, and worse than unipid if he does not?

Our Author whose profound Knowledge of the human Heart suggested to him the surest Method of attacking its Errors, has then in the following Work established his Batteries on the surest Platform for effectual Execution, that of Ridicule, the Force of which has already been so finely not only employed but described by that great Mas-

ter of it, *Horace*, the Poet of Reason, the Philosopher of the Graces, and from whom even the truest Quotations when apposite can never lose their Weight.

————— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secatur res.

But our Author has given the Ridicule he has employed so exquisite an Edge, by making it proceed even from the Hero of his Piece himself, in a Strain of unaffected Self-Condernnation, which is naturally brought in by his Reflections on his despicable Project, as well as his despicable Facility, in making Women the Victims of his Desires, in which at best they were no more Dupes than himself, in affixing any Idea of true Pleasure to their Intercourse, that he entirely gets the laugh on the Side of Virtue which is the most shrewd Way of breaking the Heart of Vice. It is effectually turning its own Arms against itself; for Vice can less stand before a Laugh than before all the Artillery of grave Arguments, or Maxims of Morality. But especially when Folly is forced to laugh at itself, it dies, well-pleased, and licking the Knife that cuts its Throat. The Ridicule then which our Author has contrived to throw over that fashionable Gallantry, which in *France*

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especially, has long rather been an Object of half-witted Admiration, than of a just Criticism; the new Turn which he has given to his Reflexions upon it, may probably, in Concurrence with the Satiety generally bred by a Folly's long having had its Reign, and spent itself in its Course, extirpate the Practice of it, and promote a Return to Virtue, and in that to the only true Pleasures, of which it sollicit the Control, only that it may bestow upon them more Safety, more Stability, more Poignaney, and above all, more Delicacy.

There are, it is true, some worthy and well-meaning Persons who disapprove this Way of handling of Vice, and who think that its Sores are of the *noli me tangere* Sort, not to be touched for Fear of inflaming and irritating the Itch of them: That even the End aimed at in presenting the Situations of it, does not atone for the Indecency of the Means; that it is holding the Light too near the Magazine; that in short they corrupt oftner than they instruct. This Objection, however plausible it stands from its Motives, that is to say, when it is not the Language of rank Hypocrisy, or of invidious Criticism, may fairly and easily be answered by an Appeal to their own tender

tender Consciences, whether all the innumerable Volumes, replete with the purest Morality with which all the enlightened Ages, all the civilized Countries have been enriched, in which the Beauty of Virtue and Deformity of Vice have been painted with all the Power of Speculation, Reasoning and Language, bids half so fair to succeed, as those practical and applicable Histories of human Weaknesses and Follies, in which Vice is forced in its innermost Retrenchments, and obliged to confess against itself, that not all its most alluring and most sensual Joys are comparable even in Point of Pleasure, to a State of Virtue. As the Belief then of a greater Pleasure naturally invites to the Pursuit of it, what Method can be more efficacious than to extort from the Mouth of Vice itself, fairly exposed and laid open, this Acknowledgment of its infinite Inferiority to Virtue, even in that Point of Sensuality, in the vain Search for which, Libertines leave the Paths of Virtue for those of Vice, where they meet with nothing but a dull Circle of tasteless Debauchery, in the Whirl of which they are hurried round, like *Ixion* nailed to a Wheel, and for the same Folly, for having mistaken a Cloud for a real Beauty, false Pleasure for true Voluptuousness.

In

In Attention then to the Necessity of *discovering* the Enemy before he fires at him, our Author paints, with great Vivacity of colouring his Hero, carried impetuously down the Stream of false and fashionable Pleasure, making Butterfly-love to the whole Sex, and brought at length back by the Strength of his own Reflections on the Emptiness and Vanity of such a Course, to the Simplicity of Virtue and domestic Happiness. Such an History could not but imply certain ticklish Situations, in which austere Morality at least had some Reason to complain, though they ultimately result in its Favour; but our Author has treated them with all imaginable Regard to Decency and Modesty, and has the rare Advantage of couching Reflexions not unworthy of the sublimest Philosophy, under a Dress of the greatest Gaiety and Gallantry. Like a skilful and polite Physician, he lays down the History of the Disease, points out the Rankness and Malignancy of the Symptoms, in terms that save that Nausea at them, which would indispose one to his Indications of the Cure.

As to the Objections which are made against this Branch of Writing in general, that

that is to say, against Romances, Novels, and Novel-Memoirs, they can certainly take place only against the Abuse of them. Every thing obscene, or tending to corrupt the Morals of the People, cannot be too severely animadverted upon, though even those Poisons have their Use, when their Distribution is properly guarded and restrained. But perhaps there cannot be a more useful reading, in the Hours of Leisure from the Duties of Life, amongst which should doubtless be included those severer Studies, from the best of which the Mind naturally seeks a Relaxation, than these Works of mere Amusement, and which require less Application, and, as to the Conduct of common Life, are not perhaps of less Use. The old Romances, full of imaginary, unnatural Characters, all of them deserved the Motto prefixed to one of the most noted of them, *Amadis of Gaul, Lis et oublie* *. Yet Spain was so infected with this Taste of false Heroism and Knight-errantry, that it became a Sort of endemial Madness, till its great Physician Cervantes appeared, who in his admirable History of *Don Quixotte*, disenchanting or dispossessed his Nation. Thus the Wit of one Man, and that Man in not more than the lowest

Con-

• Read and forget.

Condition of Life, had the honour of making a Revolution in the Ideas of his Age; for there were more Countries besides his own which had run into those wild Extravagancies, which he has so finely exposed and exploded. Such is the Power of Ridicule well-handled.

To this Vein of Romance succeeded another as silly, and surely more tiresome, of which the *French* were chiefly the Authors. Such were *Astrea*, *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*, *Cyrus the Great*, &c. in which Love, tortured, and sophisticated a thousand Ways, and ever out of Nature, formed a flimzy Web, unmercifully spun out to ten or twelve Volumes; where, besides the dull Uniformity of the Ground-work, every thing contributed to revolt a Reader of the least Taste, and to shock the Love of Truth so graven in the Heart of Man, that Fables receive their Currency only from the Idea of a Truth being couched under their Fiction. But these tedious Compositions had the sensible Demerit of the double Falshood, both of the Story and the Moral. They could not then have too short a Reign. *Boileau*, and the rest of the Wits who immortalized the Reign of the *French Augustus*, rose up against this

this Depravation of Taste, and easily exploded Works of so ridiculous and wearisome a Nature; and *Orondates* has long slept with his Ancestors *Amadis*, *Palmerin*, &c.

To these succeeded Romances still; but Romances at least less voluminous, and in which the Passion of Love was treated with more regard to Probability, but with still not enough to Nature. *Zayde*, *The Princess of Cleves*, and other Novel-Romances of this Sort, multiplied by the favourable Reception of them to such a Degree as to form whole Libraries, of which the Amusement nearly constituted all the Merit, and which have not yet lost the Power to please those who read, rather to advance the Clock, than their Instruction.

At length however, the Successes of Authors, who naturalized Fiction, and employed it in the Service of the most useful Truths, such as *Cervantes*, *Fenelon*, *Scarron*, *Le Sage*, *Marivaux*, *Crébillon*, &c. became so considerable as even to rival History itself, the Arguments against which are chiefly deduced from the moral Impossibility there is for the Writers of History

to

to come at Truth enough to preserve their Readers from that Pyrrhonism, which with regard to them, is no more than a just Diffidence, and which resorted to in other Points, in which Truth may be the Object of our Senses, is only Scepticism run mad. This will not appear so strained a Judgment to those who best know human Nature. When for Example the Cardinal *de Retz* asked the Prince of *Conde*, what were his Motives for a critical Step he took in the Civil-Wars during the Minority of *Lewis XIV.* the Prince frankly owned that he did not remember them. The Inference is too obvious to insist on it here. All then that can be urged in Favour of the Truth, even the best History is, that the gross Gazette of Events may possibly be depended upon, but that the Springs of their Action lie so buried in the Recesses of the human Heart than even secular Witnesses, even the principal Actors in them, can but write by Conjectures taken from Principles, Circumstances, and Characters, all so subject to Incertainties, that the Author, who often himself might not have been sure of his own Motives of Action, must be much less so of those of others. Whereas in Works of pure Fiction, the Reader is fore-armed, and knows what
he

he has to trust to. The Memoir-Writers, or Historians of fictitious Lives, mean no Imposition; and so far as they keep to Probability, and paint possible Situations, their Reflexions and Instructions take a new Force from the Amusement, which is their Master-Key. If genuine History is "Philosophy teaching by Examples," fictitious History is Philosophy teaching by Amusement. For the Examples and Characters of Invention it contains, when well chosen, and probable, afford Lessons for the Conduct of Life, the more efficacious for their wanting a dry preceptorial Tone. They are Vehicles of wholesome Advice, without its phyllicky Taste. That this Sort of Writing however is preferable to History, is a Paradox overstrained. The most that can with Justice be asserted in its Favour, is, that, as History is an Exercise of the Understanding, and the Study of it even indispensable, these Works of Invention, ought, like Poetry, to carry so much of the useful with the agreeable, as to acquit even the gravest Reader from any Self-reproach, for affording them a competent Part of his leisure Time; and in this Light they are surely not indefensible.

The

The Fund too of these Fictions is inexhaustible, since they have for Source, Man, his Virtues, his Vices, his Passions, his Duties, and his Follies. The Combinations then of human Events being infinite, so is the creative Faculty of that Imagination which can out of the immense Mine of probable Contingencies, call such up into fictitious Existence as may be applied to the Use and Service of real Life. Thus the Story of the silly Archbishop, who dismissed *Gil-Blas* for telling him, though by his own Order, an unwelcome Truth, whether a Fact, or merely a probable Invention, conveys a much more forcible and more rational Instruction, than simply the Maxim "That Truth begets Hatred", though supported by Volumes of the finest Reasoning. In such Case, Examples illustrate, and give a Sort of Body or Consistence to the Thought, which renders its Impression on the Memory more durable, and consequently more present in any Occurrence for the Application of it, without the Necessity of so much previous Reflexion in order to compare the Analogy of the Maxim with the Circumstance which may often breed a prejudicial Delay, or a Mistake, in that Calculation, upon the
 Justness

Justness of which Reason is made to depend : And to say the Truth, with all the Care to give to Instructions, their utmost Enforcement, even by Examples and Situations, how few are there whom their Passions suffer to benefit by them ! but without them, it is probable there would be fewer yet. “ The Passions (says an agreeable and judicious Author*) never read ; as to them there exists no Experience. They may sometime wear out, but they are rarely corrigible, and this is the Reason one sees so often the Repetition of the same Events.” But should this even be true, and it is certainly so of some Passions, as especially of Envy and Avarice, these Works are at least useful to point out to those who are not hagridden by them, the Dangers of dealing with those who are, and by a proper Comparison, the Way of encountering, or even turning them to advantage. Thus an Author who develops the secret Springs of the human Heart, is a kind of Pilot, who having duly founded the Bottom, lays down the Shallows and Rocks of Life ; and all his Examples are, or ought to be, Beacons of Direction to steer by, or to shun. And in the Branch of Love and Gallantry,

• Marivaux.

considered as they stand in Truth and Nature, be it said without the least Partiality to Monsieur *Du Clos*, he is so just and correct as to leave scarce any Presumption to mend his Charts. The whole Work then forms a complete Pocket-Atlas, in which the whole social World is so skilfully delineated and coloured, that no Traveller who consults it, needs miss his Way.

It is presumed too that the sensible *English* Reader will doubtless carry with him a proper Share of Allowance for the Difference of Manners betwixt his own Nation and that of the *French*; a Difference which must naturally render some Passages less interesting, less susceptible of Application than a thorough Conformity would have admitted. But even this Disadvantage will be ballanced by the Information they convey, as the Manners of a Nation that is so slenderly separated from our own, and which makes so great a Figure in *Europe*, must be a juster Object of Curiosity than those of *Tartary*, or *Japan*, with whom we can never expect to have any comparable Intercourse. And it is in painting the present Manners of his Nation with great Justness, as well as with great Freedom, that our Author excels. Thus the Reader.

der, where he is not guided, will at least be sure to be informed; and if he is, which is too rarely the Case, well acquainted with the present State of Manners of his own Country, he cannot be unpleasingly, nor indeed unprofitably amused in comparing the specific Distinctions which characterise the two Nations, and tracing them to their original Principles, the Climate, Constitution of Government, Education, and all the extrinsic Causes which give to the human Heart, every where essentially the same at Bottom, such different Casts and Complexions.

It is too but fitting here to premise a short Apology for the Translation. All imaginable Care has been taken to render the Meaning of the Author as justly, and as little weakened as possible. For this Purpose, the respective Idiom of the two Languages has been duly consulted, so as to preserve to this Version an original natural Air, and to avoid, as near as could be, the two Rocks which Translators in general are apt to run upon, either an over-licentious Paraphrase, that makes too free with its Additions and Alterations at discretion, or too servile and stiff an Attachment to the Letter of the Original, which

which is sometimes at the Expence of its just Sense, and always so of its Ease and Graces. Madam de la Fayette, the Authoress of *The Princess of Cleves*, and of *Zayde*, of whom the Duke de la Rochefoucault said, that her Judgment always took the lead of her Wit; and that Truth, in all and every thing, was her sovereign Delight, compared with perhaps as much Humour as Propriety, the Fate of an original Author, under the Interpretation of a flat, paultry Translator, to that of a Message in the Mouth of a clownish Servant, in which the more of Delicacy and Turn there was, the more he would be sure to mangle and murder it.

As this Translation however must stand or fall by its own intrinsic Merit, and that Excuses will hardly prejudice the Reader in its Favour, no more need here be added, than the Protestation, than that if it does not at least do common Justice to the Original, it is purely Want of Ability, and not of the best Intention; and consequently of the greatest Care in the Execution of it.

T F E



THE
AUTHOR'S
PREFACE.

LOVE, Gallantry, and even Libertinism, have in all Times formed so considerable a Department in the Life of most Men, and above all, of Men of the World, that one would know but imperfectly the Manners of a Nation were *those Articles* left out.

These Memoirs which fell into my Hands, appeared to me, adapted to the giving upon this Matter, an Idea of the actual State of Manners. Amongst those which are painted in them, there will be found some not strictly justifiable; but it seems to me, that the Point of View in which

((XXIV))

which they are presented, is as favourable to Morality, as the Manners themselves are contrary to it. I imagined that this Work might be of Use; this is the sole Reason which engaged me to give it to the Public.

THE



MEMOIRS



MEMOIRS

UPON THE

MANNERS *of this* AGE.

PART I.



HAVE frequently reflected upon the Way in which I spent my Youth; and made myself sensible, how much Ridicule I should have spared, how much Pleasure I should have procured myself, had I pursued a different Conduct. Had I never done but what really pleased me, I had not only been considered as one of more good Sense, but I should have

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been much happier than I have been. I should, in short, have had more Pleasure, and committed fewer Follies.

I at this Time believe, that I owe much to my Experience; but to my Education nothing: I think too, that had I had a good one, I should not have made an unworthy Use of it.

A high Birth, a considerable Fortune, a distinguished Rank, an agreeable Figure, perhaps not without Wit; in these you see the original Springs of my Wrong-headedness; yet I dare presume, that these Advantages might have produced me better, had I been taught the Duty, and the Art of laying them out better. My Father, very likely, imagined it was enough for his Son to be Heir to his Title and Estate, for he took no Sort of Care about my Education, and left it to the Disposal of Custom: He gave me one of those Preceptors who, as one may say, were to be got by advertising for, and who was about my Person but as a supernumerary Menial. His Instructions were simply to attend me, and I forbade him to trouble me with Advice.

Upon

Upon this, he regulated his Conduct, and with great Ease and Unconcern, waited for the Time of his being dismissed with a Recompence, which he would not have obtained, had he set himself to deserve it.

Nobody, before me, had launched into Life so young as I did ; those of my Age, employed in their Exercises, lived amongst one another, or when they began their Appearance in the World, it was only to acquit themselves of their respective Devoirs in it : They were obliged to put on a decent, modest Countenance, and to listen to others, till they should wear off their Bashfulness, and assume an Air of more Confidence. At that Time too, the Interior of the Domestic was more strictly kept, and of course, the Union in Families less liable to be broken in upon. There was not then at *Paris*, those open Houses, of which the Number has been so multiplied, that one has more Obligation to those who resort to them, than to those who are at the Expence of keeping them ; insomuch that now a days, any odd Creature who receives his Exclusion from one House, need not despair of being considered as good Company in another.

As it is principally the Errors of my Youth that I mean to pass in Review, it will not be surprizing that Love should have a great Share in them.

Love has been ever very rare, at least that Sort of Love which deserves the Epithet of sentimental; yet am I persuaded, that it is at this Day much rarer, than it was formerly. Men have always had the same Passions, but those which are most natural to us, take, according to the Times and Places, different Modes of Existence, which have an Influence over the Nature of those Passions themselves.

That Head-strongness of the Senses, which runs away with us in our earliest Youth, and which calms, or dissipates itself in an Age more or less advanced, is common to all Men; and directs them towards the same End; but this Desire ardent as it is, is rarely united to that of pleasing, whereas it made an essential Part of the ancient Manners: From thence sprung a delicate Politeness which is now lost; one sees still some Traces of it in those who were the Men in Fashion in their Time: A Spirit of Gallantry forms their distinctive Cha-

Character, and makes them say a thousand
 brightly and flattering Things to which
 the shining Sparks of our Days, and even
 those superior to the old ones in Point of
 Wit, would find it difficult to come up to.
 They have found it then more commodious
 to turn that to Derision to which they could
 not attain; they fancy they have gained
 much by this Change, yet it is certain,
 that leaving the Consideration of Vice or
 Virtue out of the Question, there is a
 great deal lost to Pleasure by having re-
 nounced Decency. A single Look, a
 slight Distinction, the least Preference on
 the Part of the beloved Object, were then
 inestimable Favours; and what does it sig-
 nify from what Motives a great Happiness
 arose, if that Happiness was actually felt?
 Is there for those who love, a State prefer-
 able to that of having their Hopes amused
 and kept up, their Desires animated and
 flattered, and of arriving, by a delicious
 Gradation, to the Height of Happiness,
 whilst the Pleasures of the Senses are
 whetted by all the Illusions of Self-Love?

Thus was the Love-Passion treated in
 the last Age; I have seen some Traces
 of it in this, but I did not come into Life
 till the Term of its Revolution.

The Principles of Coxcombry are in *France* as ancient as its Monarchy ; but it was not till our Time, that the Science of it was pushed to the Perfection we now see it in, and I came into it with such happy Dispositions, I opened such new Roads in it, that I might be reckoned amongst the Inventors of it. My Outset however did not foreflew the Eminence I was one Day to attain to in this Career : In my early Season of Youth, I was a Stranger to my own Talents ; I had even a Modesty, a Sort of Bashfulness which already in that Time, might have done Honour to one of the fair Sex, and which at present, one is not always sure to find in a Girl coming out of a Convent.

With these unfashionable Qualifications, my Countenance wore upon it all the native Candour of my Soul. The Soul it is that forms and animates the Physiognomy ; Nature only bestows the Features. The Taste I soon felt in myself for Women, became in a short Time so quick, that I was in no Condition of choosing a determinate particular Object ; they all made alike an Impression upon my Heart, or rather upon my Senses. The first, I will not say, who should have have loved me, but

but who would have given me Leave to love her, would have been sure of making me in Love with her; yet all the Violence of my Desires could not triumph over my Timidity; I durst not hazard a Declaration which I looked upon as something terribly daring; and I should have held myself too much humbled by being baulk'd in it. Timidity is the first Effect of Self-Love, but one's Contempt of others is often sufficient to give one Boldness. I imagined besides, that to make an Impression on a Lady's Heart, required a singular Merit: The most signal Advances, the most indecent Attractions of which I was the Aim, operated nothing in my Favour; and I should have long remained in this State, had it been the Order of Nature, that such a State could long endure. It came then at length to an End; and it will doubtless be conjectured, that it was through some one of those experienced Women who proffer their Service towards finishing the Education of young Fellows, who give them their first Lessons of Pleasure, who do not indeed forget at first, to talk to them of Sentiments; but who, as they cannot flatter themselves with inspiring them with any, and less yet with Constancy, modestly bring themselves down

afterwards to act a more complaisant Part, if but to have a Share of what is going in Society, and keep some Hold of a World that is slipping from them.

The Lady however, who was the Object of my first Attachment, was of a very different Character; and we found ourselves engaged on each Side, before she had thought, or I had dared to conceive a Hope of it. I was then eighteen and she about five and twenty; she was handsome and well fashioned, her Understanding was good, her Heart turned to Tenderness, but her Temper was serious even to Melancholy, and a cold reserved Air made her pass for insensible; she was considered then in that Light, and consequently nobody formed a Thought of designing upon her; besides spreading but little in the World, and rarely seen out of her Domestic, she lived with a Husband who was rather advanced in Years, and who repaid, by a thousand Attentions for her, the Charms of Person which he no longer had, and for whom she had a Friendship and Respect.

With the little Assurance that I then had, it can scarce be supposed, that I could think

think of attacking a Woman whom the most enterprising of our Sex had thought proper to leave undisturbed. Particular Circumstances it was that formed our Engagement.

I had just obtained a Regiment; and as my Father had for some Time lived retired upon his Estate in the Country, he had desired the Count of *Canaples*, who was our Relation, and who had a great Interest in the Army, to look a little to my Conduct, and to assist me with his Counsels.

The Count thought himself the more obliged to it, for that I owed to his Recommendation my Regiment, in Preference to older Officers, and who by their Services had deserved it better than me. His Maxim indeed was, that there could be nothing more contrary to good Order, than to put Boys at the Head of Commands, which was not then a rare Practice; he added, that after having spoke his Opinion as a Patriot, upon this Abuse, he did not think himself obliged to be the Dupe of it neither, so as to have only his good Intentions for his Pains, without being sure of gaining much Esteem, or perhaps other than a great deal of Ridicule: Con-

sequently he had acted strenuously in my Favour, and the Success of his Sollicitations gave him an Authority to recommend to me the justifying, by my Application to my Duty, the Favour he had obtained for me. Gratitude then obliged me to pay assiduously my Devoirs to him.

The Countess of *Canaples* received me at first with that Sort of Kindness which one shows to a little Relation, with whose Conduct one is in some Sort entrusted in the Eyes of the Public. My Docility towards their Advice augmented the Concern they took for what related to me; the Countess especially seemed every Day to throw more Tenderness into it. It is from Persons of a naturally serious Turn, that a kind Reception is the most sensible. I set myself then to do my best to please her: The Respect with which she inspired me, hindered me from perceiving the Impression she made on my Heart, but then it contributed to engrave it the deeper. Respect may constrain Love, may hide it, but never extinguishes, and often heighthens it. Love is like those spirituous Liquors which the less they exhale, acquire the more Strength.

I had so little Experience that I never suspected the Situation of my Soul. I only felt that when I was not with her, I experienced a certain Inquietude more lively than afflicting, nor could I approach her without an Emotion, which put me out of myself. Our first Desires do not even manifest their Nature to us by Reflection, in the Moment that they agitate us; the more one feels, the less one thinks; it is from Memory that we afterwards reflect.

I passed near two Months in this delicious undeterminate Situation; solely taken up with a Desire of pleasing the Countess, and happy in that Desire, I was so attentive to penetrate and prevent her Will, that she could have no Advice to give me, but she heaped upon me lively, tender and ingenuous Encomiums.

As I absolutely submitted my Conduct to her, I loved to give her an Account of it; I enjoyed a secret Satisfaction in discovering the Bottom of my Soul to her. I entered into Particulars of the most intimate, and I might say of the most frivolous Nature, if, by Questions that bore more the Air of Tenderness than of

Curiosity, she had not made me sensible that the Trifles I communicated to her, were none of them indifferent to her. Those Particulars so trivial and despicable to Minds under the Chill of Insensibility, are Matter of Importance to those whom Love has united. This was precisely the State in which we found ourselves, before either of us were aware of it. We felt the quickest Love, we tasted those Pleasures of it, that are perhaps the most delicious, and surely the most rare, without ever having pronounced the Name of it.

One Day that the Countess and I were in the Midst of those Effusions of the Heart, which constituted our Happiness, I felt myself penetrated with a Transport before unknown, and then so new to me, that by a Vivacity of Sentiment more than of Reflection, I embraced the Countess, a Liberty I had never before that Instant taken: I held her for some Moments clasped in my Arms, and felt that I was pressed by hers. We looked at one another afterwards, without saying a Word, and what was singular enough, me it was who blushed; but she remarked it, and that Instant a Blush overspread her Face. She dejected her Eyes, sighed and fell into a profound

Me-

Meditation. Still we did not on either Side utter one Syllable, and indeed, what could we have said in the Confusion of Ideas and Sentiments in which we both were? Our Action and the Agitation which followed upon it, produced all of a sudden a Ray of Light, that opened our Eyes on the State of our Hearts; we discovered it at once together, and now we understood one another. In my Life I never experienced, at one Instant of Time, so much Pleasure, so much Pain, and so many opposite Sentiments, which it was for Love alone to re-unite and reconcile.

To recover myself and to make a Diversion in her Thoughts, I took her Hand which I kissed; I felt a feint Struggle from her to withdraw it. She left it however to me, whether she did not care to afflict me, or whether she was afraid that such a little Mark of Rigour might seem to me to lay too great a Stress on the Favour. Emboldened, or rather animated by this Action itself of mine, I pressed her Hand with my Lips, and fell at her Feet upon my Knees: The Countess at this, drawing back in a Fright, 'get up,' said she, 'I cannot conceive what you mean; I never saw you so much out of the Way.' 'Ah! Madam,

‘ Madam,’ said I, ‘ I myself should be
 ‘ puzzled to give you an Account of a
 ‘ Condition so perfectly new to me ; all
 ‘ that I can say, is, that you are the only
 ‘ Person on Earth, who have made me
 ‘ experience it, and that I can imagine no
 ‘ Happiness but with you ; may I flatter
 ‘ myself with being dear to you ?’ ‘ I
 ‘ have for you,’ said she, ‘ the most tender
 ‘ Friendship, and I should be sorry you
 ‘ had not the same for me : You owe it
 ‘ me, and you are not capable of being
 ‘ ungrateful.’ ‘ I am far indeed from being
 ‘ so,’ replied I, ‘ and I can no longer
 ‘ dissemble to myself the having the most
 ‘ violent Love for you ; I certainly was
 ‘ struck with it from the first Moment
 ‘ that I saw you, but, it is not till this
 ‘ Instant, that I find what it is.’ ‘ Do
 ‘ you know what you are saying ?’ an-
 ‘ swered the Countess, ‘ you in Love with
 ‘ me ? and what do you pretend from it ?’
 ‘ To love you on,’ said I, ‘ This goes too
 ‘ far, Sir,’ said she, ‘ I cannot, nor I ought
 ‘ not to hear more of this ; withdraw, I
 ‘ beg it of you, do not force me to repent
 ‘ the innocent Kindnesses I have showed
 ‘ you, and which another Word of this
 ‘ Sort from you, would render criminal
 ‘ ones.’

I was so confounded with the involuntary Declaration I had just made, that I had not the Strength to reply; but I could not have had that of quitting her, if she had not called her Women, to whom she gave some Orders, that busied them necessarily, and for a Time, about her Person. I durst not then support the Presence of any Witness in the Agitation, easy to remark in all my Countenance. I left the Room therefore that Moment, charmed with getting alone to recover a Freedom of Breath, and of thinking upon what I had done.

This Situation was however so strange to me, that I could not clear up to myself, whether I ought to be satisfied, or displeased with what had happened to me; I was horribly in Pain for the Air of Resentment the Countess had shown me, but the Declaration I had dared to make her carried to my Heart a secret Consolation. A Passion concealed is a Load to sink under, from which a Declaration is a Relief, that proceeds from Hope, or gives Birth to it.

If the Countess had received the Declaration of mine with a cool Haughtiness,

or a contemptuous Pleasantry, I had never dared to appear before her again: but the Fear she had shown a little diminished mine. I began to suspect that I was not absolutely without Merit, and as the Progress of Presumption is always rapid, I conceived the most flattering Hopes. My Confidence was not so regularly reasoned as I now paint it; the Operations of the Understanding are less quick than the Motions of the Heart, and of Self-Love, and a Passion is better guided by the Light of pure Sentiment, than by methodized Reflections. I burned with Impatience to see *Madam de Canaples* again. I went the next Day to her, and found her melancholy and cast down: I was pierced to the Heart at it, and told her so in the most tender Terms; but I durst not speak to her of my Passion; her Women scarce stirred out of the Room, and I thought I had too many Things to say to her that would not well bear an Interruption. In this State of Undecision I passed several Days, but at length I forced myself to tell her, that independent of the Gratitude, and Attachment which I owed to her, she could not doubt but that the Passion with which she had inspired me, made me extremely sensible to the Condition in which

I saw her: ‘ Alas !’ said she with a Sigh;
 ‘ the principal Motive of the Concern
 ‘ you take in my Condition, is the very
 ‘ Motive that plunges me into it ; you
 ‘ love me, that Love alone could of itself
 ‘ be a great Misfortune to me ; but I love
 ‘ you, and that it is which consummates
 ‘ my Distress.’ The Countess at these
 Words could not refrain her Tears ; I im-
 mediately threw myself at her Feet, and
 would have embraced her Knees. ‘ Hold’
 says she, repelling my Endeavours, ‘ the
 ‘ Declaration I have just made you is not a
 ‘ Favour : It is a violent Remedy to which
 ‘ I found myself obliged to have Recourse.

‘ In vain did I want to impose upon
 ‘ myself with respect to my Sentiments to-
 ‘ wards you ; I am forced to see into their
 ‘ Nature : Why was it not it my Power to
 ‘ prevent them ? but you became the Master
 ‘ of my Heart before I suspected it of be-
 ‘ ing even sensible ; the little Disposition I
 ‘ have always had for Persons of your Age,
 ‘ my Contempt for their Follies and Pre-
 ‘ sumption had appeared to me sufficient
 ‘ Arms against their Seduction ; a natural
 ‘ Pride even hindered me from believing
 ‘ that I needed any Guard against them.
 ‘ Your Youth, the Graces of your Figure,
 ‘ and

‘ and Understanding pleased without alarm-
 ‘ ing me: I deemed you of no Consequence,
 ‘ and my Security has sold me: The Vir-
 ‘ tue indeed I remarked in you, and that
 ‘ Virtue alone ought to have given me a
 ‘ Suspicion of your being dangerous; but
 ‘ can one distrust what one esteems? yet
 ‘ is it that very Virtue that has seduced me;
 ‘ it concealed the Danger from me, whilst
 ‘ it suffered me to see, with too favourable
 ‘ a Sense, how amiable you were: Less
 ‘ virtuous, you had been less fatal to me.
 ‘ Let me at least think for my Consolation,
 ‘ that a Character like mine could not de-
 ‘ viate from the Paths of Virtue, but
 ‘ through the Idea that I was pursuing
 ‘ Virtue. In short, I love you, and I
 ‘ pretend the less to hide it from you, for
 ‘ that I am clear, that I tell it you for
 ‘ the first and last Time of my Life; you
 ‘ are full dear to me then, but my Duty is
 ‘ still more so, and I stand in need of your
 ‘ assisting me to return to it; your Absence
 ‘ can alone restore my Tranquility; you
 ‘ are to join your Regiment in a Month;
 ‘ I insist that you go to it immediately;
 ‘ your Impatience will appear natural, and
 ‘ nobody will suspect the true Motive of it.’

‘ What

' What Madam,' said I, ' have you
 ' acquainted me with the most exalted
 ' Happiness, to which I could aspire, mere-
 ' ly to render me at the same Instant the
 ' most miserable of Men? No! I cannot
 ' obey you.' ' Yet,' said she, ' so it
 ' must be. You love me since you tell
 ' me so, and I believe you; your Soul
 ' is naturally sincere, and the World has
 ' not yet had the Time to corrupt its
 ' Candour: I judge then by the Sacrifice
 ' made by my own Heart, of what it must
 ' cost yours; but our Situations are wide-
 ' ly different; you are going to find a Re-
 ' source in a Diversity of Occupations and
 ' Objects. Dissipation destroys, or diverts
 ' the Passion of Love. For me in my So-
 ' litude, I shall perhaps be taken up with
 ' Thoughts of nothing but what I ought
 ' to forget, and shall have no Support but
 ' the Necessity of my Duty, a Duty which
 ' rather adds new Cruelty to my
 ' Fate.' ' And why,' said I, ' Madam,
 ' do you take it into your Head that your
 ' Duty is wounded by a Passion so pure?
 ' Why should you think yourself criminal
 ' for your Sensibility? Are we the Masters
 ' of the Motions of our Heart? You are
 ' persuaded you say, of the Purity of my
 Soul;

‘ Soul; you ought to be so then of my
 ‘ having no Design to deceive you.’

‘ It signifies nothing,’ said the Countess,
 ‘ to enter upon such a Discussion. Whether
 ‘ Reason or Prejudice, I will not submit a
 ‘ Matter to any Examination in which we
 ‘ are too much interested, you and I, to be
 ‘ the Judges. One rarely examines the
 ‘ Principles of one’s Duty, but from a
 ‘ Desire of exempting oneself from it, or
 ‘ to justify the having already violated it.
 ‘ There exist besides Rules of Conduct,
 ‘ which in vain are taxed of being Preju-
 ‘ dices; I see there is no deviating from
 ‘ them without a Consciousness of Shame,
 ‘ and that is sufficient for me; there is no
 ‘ Need then of my examining whether they
 ‘ are reasonable, to know whether I ought to
 ‘ respect them. You say, you do not
 ‘ mean to deceive me; I do not think you
 ‘ have such a Design, but we may deceive
 ‘ ourselves; and indeed, of what can we be
 ‘ sure, when we cannot answer for our own
 ‘ Hearts? I have but little Experience in
 ‘ this Matter; but it has concerned me too
 ‘ nearly not to have carefully reflected
 ‘ upon it for some Days past; I have for-
 ‘ tified my Reflections by the Example of
 ‘ Women who have lost themselves; who
 have,

' have, by Degrees, passed from a State of
 ' Virtue, to a State of Disorder. I see
 ' that Innocence has its Scruples. The
 ' first Faults occasion Remorse, consequent
 ' ones obliterate it, and one cannot be too
 ' soon afraid of one's self; you see the
 ' Bottom of my Heart; far then from
 ' combating my Sentiments, adopt them,
 ' and aid me to strengthen myself in them.
 ' To secure then our Success in them,
 ' let us separate; I have said all that I
 ' think myself obliged to say to you. A
 ' longer Conversation could be but danger-
 ' ous, and would begin to be criminal
 ' where it ceases to be necessary.'

All the Time the Countess had continu-
 ed speaking, I had remained under a Sur-
 prise which had kept me from interrupting
 her. But no sooner had she ended, than,
 shocked to Death at the Measure she want-
 ed me to take, in that Moment that I
 thought my Happiness the most secure, I
 threw myself at her Feet, and tried to
 soften her, rather by Transports and the
 most passionate Protestations, than by cool
 Reasoning. 'Do not,' said she, 'attempt to
 ' melt me into Tenderness; my Heart is but
 ' too much disposed to it; show that you
 ' deserve this Declaration by your re-
 ' specting

' specting it. But should you abuse it,
 ' should I find myself too weak to resist
 ' your Urgencies, you will force me to
 ' have Recourse to the most violent of all
 ' Remedies, which might be accused of
 ' being romantic, and which is perhaps
 ' the only one that, from the Dignity of its
 ' Motive, can secure the Virtue of a Wo-
 ' man in such a Condition. Be assured then,
 ' that rather than expose myself to yield, it
 ' is to the Count *de Canaples* himself, to
 ' whom I would discover the State of my
 ' Heart, so that your Perseverance would
 ' be to no better Purpose, than to make
 ' three Persons unhappy; and such might
 ' be the Fruit of so violent a Step, that
 ' perhaps the least of those hurt by it,
 ' would be me, as I might find a Consola-
 ' tion for the Consequences of such an
 ' Action, in the Motives themselves that
 ' determined me to that Action. Let us
 ' then rather try on each Side to regain
 ' our Tranquility. Go, and let the first
 ' Effect of our Love be an Effort in Fa-
 ' vour of Virtue.'

That Empire which the Respect of a
 Lover with Delicacy gives to a virtuous
 Woman, extends so far, as to subordinate
 to it the Transports of Love. I durst not
 then

then resist, and I withdrew, penetrated to the Heart with Affliction.

Uncertain however whether I ought, or not, to obey entirely the Countess, and willing to flatter myself that she might possibly take up more favourable Sentiments, I went to her again the next Day. I found with her a Lady whom I did not know, and who appeared to me, to observe us with great Attention. The Reception which the Countess gave me at first, had nothing in it very decisive one Way or another. After some indifferent Matters, she asked me when it was I proposed to set out, and upon the Answer I made her, that I had not yet fixed a Day, the Air of her Countenance became successively so serious, so cold, so haughty, that it went almost even the Length of an Indiscretion on her Side. As for me, I was cut down with it, and judging that I had nothing more to hope, scarce was this Visitant of hers gone out, but I told the Countess that I should set out the next Day.

The Count *de Canaples* who came in at that Instant, having heard what I said, there was no retracting it. He made me Compliment upon my Zeal, and foretold from

from it that I should become an excellent Officer. I never however was less flattered with Encomiums, than I was at that Time with those of the Count. Yet afraid of destroying his good Opinion of me, by any Marks of ill Humour, or of giving him any Room to suspect the Truth, I went out to give Orders for my Departure. Those who never loved but moderately, may consider so prompt an Obedience as an Instance of a very slight Passion, but were they to deepen into the Knowledge of the Heart, they would judge better, and that nothing but the truest Love-passion is capable of such a Sacrifice. I was not then sensible that the Countess on her Part, made at least as violent an one as what she had exacted from me. Amongst Women even the most governed by Reason there is to them a great Way from the Danger of yielding to the Fear of it; from that Fear to the Desire of forcing themselves to fly an Occasion of it, from that Desire again to the Resolution, and a much greater Way yet from that Resolution to the Courage necessary to execute it.

The Countess of *Canaples* is the only Woman I have known capable of laying
these

these Degrees into one, and clearing them all at one Exertion.

Whatever Desire I had of taking a private Leave, I could not once find her alone, and she was Mistress enough of herself not to give me any Advantage over her, in my parting Compliments.

My first Adventure, it is plain, could not teach me to despise Women; but it taught me to esteem myself, and that is a Science easy to learn. I have had since, as much as any one, what is called, Successes in Gallantry, but none of them ever flattered me so sensibly, as the Impression I had made on the Heart of *Madam de Canaples*.

Since the Intoxication of my Passions has been dissipated, I have sometimes reflected upon the Nature of the Conquests which feed the Vanity of our Sex, and I have remarked, that most of the Women who are the Subjects of its Triumph, have a cold Heart, their Sensations tranquil enough, and a distempered Head; it is not Reason that determines their Choice; it is not Love; it is not even Pleasure; it is Folly that warms their Imagination

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for some Man who becomes successively the Object, the Accomplice, and the Victim of their Whim. A Lover often pleases them, for no other Reason but the having presented himself the first, and is soon quitted for a second, who has no other Merit but that of presenting himself the last.

I had set out on my Journey with a Heart full of Love, and penetrated with Affliction. But I had scarce come into the Army, when the Duties of my Station employed me sufficiently to make a Diversion in my Sentiments, and other Dissipations soon compleated the Return of my Gaiety. I found myself in a few Days the intimate Friend of a Number of Persons of my own Age, who had never seen me before. It was, in my acquaintance with them, that I learned the Theory of that Life in which I was to make so shining a Figure. I heard amongst them, of nothing but Women distracted for them, of Women sacrificed the one to the other, and often to Humour or Fancy; it was not, but through an Excess of Modesty, they mentioned those they had seduced, because that Seduction supposed at least some previous Courtship. I could not be reconciled to myself, for my Wonder, at the Innocence in which I

had

had lived till then, and which I durst not own. I was jealous of what I heard, ashamed of having nothing like it to relate of myself, and as yet too ingenuous to invent or impose any Stories of that Sort. But I determined firmly within myself, to do as much to be talked of, as any of them, on my Return from the Army, and that it should not at least be my Fault, if I did not obtain the same Advantages, to make a Parade of, in the Course of the next Campaign.

I am since persuaded, that if even then, I would have availed myself of my Imagination, towards putting myself on a Footing with the rest, by Dint of Fiction, however awkwardly I might have gone about it for Want of Experience; those who would have the most doubted of the Truth of my Boasts, would not have dared to have openly confessed it, for Fear of giving me the Hint of suspecting that their Adventures were not a Jot more real. I know nothing so much in the Interest of Coxcombry in one, as Coxcombry in another.

As soon as the Army separated, I returned to Court, and my first Visit was to

Madam *de Canaples*. The Lessons which I had received, the Stories which I had learned upon Women, and which I believed as firmly as if I had been a Witness to them, the Reflections I had made in Consequence of them, all concurred to inspire me with a Confidence, of which I promised to myself to make due Advantage. I presented myself before her with an Air, rather more unembarrassed than I had had when I left her, and I was received by her with a tender Friendship, the Expressions of which were a little perplexed, without being so much so as to give any Suspicion; I tried to answer them upon the familiar Strain. But whether she threw too much Awe into her Countenance, or whether I could not conquer the Habit of respecting her; I could not endeavour to shake off that Respect, without finding a Constraint come upon me, in Proportion, which produced the same Effect. I was so aukward in my Freedoms; I had so ill a Grace in my Airs of Presumption, that I myself was sensible of it, and finding no Glimpse of Hope from the obstinate Struggles I had within my Heart, I even gave up the Point, and submitted to the Ascendant she had obtained over me. I continued then to make my Court to her on that

Footings

Footings. But in Pleasures and Dissipations, it was that I sought to make a Diversion from the Love which I continued to feel for her, and I renounced at Length a hopeless Pursuit.

In the Age I then was, the Pleasures of Love mimick the Sentiment of it, and hinder one's being too much tormented with it; I resolved then to give myself up to all Occasions of it that should offer, and I was soon as much in the thickest of them as I could wish. The Reception I met with, the Facility of the Conquests which I had so ardently desired, which I had thought difficult, and which I yet felt, of great Importance to my Happiness, all gave me a high Opinion of myself. I concluded from thence that *Madam de Canaples* had either not loved me at all, or was capable of loving but slightly, since she had withheld from me those Proofs of it, of which I found others so liberal. I was far from thinking that there was any other Distinction between Woman and Woman but that of Figure or Youth.

It may be remembered, that the Day I took Leave of *Madam de Canaples*, I had seen with her a Woman who was a Stranger to me. I soon got acquainted with her,

in the World, and from herself I learned the Motive of her Visit. It was the Marchioness *de Rbetel*. Her Person was inviting, and it was hardly possible to have more Wit, or less Morals than she had, or more Contempt for the Decencies of Life, though she did not withal want for Probity. Nobody, in short, ever preserved more Candour in the Midst of her Vices. The first Supper at which we met, begun our Acquaintance, and established our Intimacy. She began with asking me, ‘ if I continued my Assiduities to Madam *de Canaples*,’ and added, without waiting for my Answer, ‘ that she had pronounced ‘ that our Commerce could not last long, ‘ for that the Character of a Prude did not ‘ sympathise enough with that of a handsome gay young Fellow like me.’ I was at first surprized with such an Attack, and I answered her about Madam *de Canaples* with all the Respect which I owed her. I had yet some Virtue left, and it is not before the having long renounced it, that one can bring one’s self to talk the Language of Vice.

Upon this Decency of my Answer, the Marchioness said, ‘ It is at least perfectly ‘ right in you, to keep Measures in speaking

' ing of a Lady, with whom you have
 ' lived : Besides, Candour is the Virtue of
 ' Youth. The Countess too is of a Cha-
 ' racter to take it well of you, if it should
 ' come to her Ears. Others would not
 ' much mind it either Way, and as to me
 ' to whom this Discretion can do neither
 ' Good nor Harm, I esteem you neither
 ' the more nor the less for it. I own to
 ' you that Curiosity it was, which made
 ' me pay a Visit to Madam *de Canaples*
 ' upon a Pretext of the slightest. I had
 ' heard of her having a Jewel with her,
 ' of which she was Choice, and kept from
 ' the World; that Jewel it seems was you,
 ' and I had a Mind to judge of it by my
 ' own Eyes. I found you there, and ap-
 ' plauded her Taste on her Happiness,
 ' but you was not made to bury yourself
 ' in Prudery, at your coming into the
 ' World. The Countess ought not to take
 ' it ill, or think it strange that you should
 ' have left her, and she will always have
 ' the Honour to be at the Head of your
 ' History.' ' In all Events,' said I, ' Ma-
 ' dam, her Friendship will do me an
 ' Honour, and she will never have Reason
 ' to blush for her Goodness to me.' ' How
 ' blush!' said the Marchioness, ' she has
 ' nothing but to be vain of in it.' And,

with this she run on with so many Encomiums upon me, and those so unguarded with Reserve; so fulsome, in short, that she must of the two have inspired me with Indignation against her; or with Admiration of myself. I chose the last. The Men of the finest Sense are often the Dupes of as coarse a Bait, presented even by Fools; was it then for a young presumptuous Head like mine, not to give Way to the Intoxication?

Though nothing escaped me which could affect the Honour of *Madam de Canaples*, or that could insinuate that she owed my Reserve to my Discretion, a Finesse so much the more criminal, that a Man thereby usurps a Reputation of Probity, whilst the Character of a Lady is not the less blasted; the Marchioness remained persuaded that I had been what is called perfectly well with *Madam de Canaples*. Women given up to Disorder, do not believe Adventures, because they are informed of them, but because they suppose them; it is less from the Penetration of their Understanding, than from the Corruption of their Heart, that they sometimes guess right. They cannot entertain other Ideas, as how should they have Faith in Virtue, who have themselves no Principles of it,

it, and judge of others from their own Conduct, and from that of others like themselves?

The Conversation I had that Day with Madam *de Rhetel*, or rather that she had with me, was a very extensive one. Her Ideas appeared at first so odd and novel, that I was only struck with their Singularity, but in a little Time she brought me to the Point of conceiving her Principles.

She did not wait for my asking her Permission to visit her, she ordered it me, and I went there the next Day. I found her alone, and as if she had been afraid of losing any Time in the Education she designed for me, she entered immediately upon Essentials.

I have already said that she had a great deal of Wit, I ought to add that she had reflected a great deal ; I would not take upon me to decide whether all her Ideas were just, but they appeared to me methodized into a System. It is then to enable the Reader to judge of them at one View, that I throw into one Conversation the Sum of what she said to me in several, upon different Occasions, and according as

she found me disposed to relish her
Opinions or Principles of Life.

‘ Confess to me,’ said she, ‘ that the
‘ World you now live with, and for which
‘ you are made, is better than the sober,
‘ sad private Audiences of *Madam de Canaples*.’ ‘ I shall,’ said I, ‘ Madam, con-
‘ fess to you a very different Truth, which
‘ is that I sought for no Happiness but
‘ with her; and that but for my Fear of
‘ disturbing her’s, I should yet be a Stran-
‘ ger to that World, for which you think
‘ me so admirably formed.’

‘ But, this is too rich,’ said the Marchio-
ness, ‘ do you know that the few Words
‘ you have said, comprehend something
‘ so incredible! so prodigious! for, in short,
‘ if I understand you right, or if you your-
‘ self understand the Force of what you
‘ say, you must not only be in love, but,
‘ once more, in love, in downright earnest
‘ with *Madam de Canaples*, and she insen-
‘ sible to it, two Articles of which either
‘ is incredible by itself, and taken both
‘ together compose a Prodigy.’ ‘ There is
‘ however,’ said I, ‘ nothing so sure. I
‘ love *Madam de Canaples*, and cannot
‘ bring her to love me.’ I had stuck more
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' portant ; often they are not so lively, and
 ' if one of them becomes in Time stronger
 ' than it was at first, it is commonly by the
 ' Extinction of the others which had shared
 ' the Soul with it.

' Love makes itself sensible to us at a cer-
 ' tain age ; but is it any Thing else than a
 ' Portion of the general Taste which Men
 ' have for Pleasure ? The Age in which it
 ' is at the Height of its Triumph, is that in
 ' which the other Passions have no Oppor-
 ' tunity of exercising their Sway : In an
 ' Age in which one is insensible to Avarice,
 ' because one has no Property ; to Ambi-
 ' tion, because one is of no Consequence.
 ' The other Passions do not display them-
 ' selves but when they have proper Food
 ' for them ; but if once they are put
 ' into Motion, they soon overpower that of
 ' Love. This Passion destroys itself by Use,
 ' whilst the others strengthen by it, and is
 ' limited to one Season of Life, whilst the
 ' others extend through the whole Course
 ' of it : Love, in short, is one of our Wants,
 ' as keen, and less frequent than the others.
 ' It is rarely a Passion ; sometimes a weak
 ' one ; and of all Pleasures the shortest : The
 ' Pleasure of it too often depends upon
 ' Fashion. Have not there been Times
 ' when

' when Table-Chear convened together
 ' Men only, and when Women were
 ' reckoned for nothing in that Society of
 ' which they are at present the Life and
 ' Soul, less through the Love of them than
 ' through Fashion ?

' If the Sense of Love is exceeding live-
 ' ly, the Sentiment of it is exceeding rare :
 ' One often supposes it where it is not ; one
 ' often ingenuously imagines that one is sen-
 ' sible of it, till undeceived by Experience.
 ' How many has not one seen seemingly
 ' carried away by the most violent Passion,
 ' who believe themselves ready to sacrifice
 ' their Life for a Woman, and who per-
 ' haps would have done it, as one executes
 ' in a drunken Fit what one would not de-
 ' fend sober ? How many do I say, has
 ' not one seen sacrifice this same Woman to
 ' Ambition, to Avarice, to Vanity, to a
 ' fashionable Air ? Other Passions subsist
 ' upon their respective Aliment ; Love
 ' stands in need of a Spice of Contradiction
 ' that shall associate Self-Love to it for its
 ' Support. There are, it may be said,
 ' Lovers who sacrifice every Thing to their
 ' Passion ; that may happen because there
 ' is nothing that does not happen ; for
 ' where is that Passion, where is that Taste,
 ' serious

' serious or frivolous, that has not its Fa-
 ' naticks? Musick, Hunting, even Study,
 ' and a thousand other Objects may be-
 ' come respectively the sole Passion of one
 ' Person, and shut up his Heart against all
 ' others; so it may be of Love, which is ne-
 ' ver the first Passion, and rarely the only
 ' one.

' Those great and rare Sacrifices too of
 ' the Heart are scarce ever seen but on
 ' the Side of the Woman; almost all the
 ' generous Procedures belong to them in
 ' Love, and often in Friendship, especially
 ' when it has succeeded to Love. Now do
 ' not imagine that what I here say to the
 ' Advantage of my Sex springs from a
 ' personal Concern; I do not so much as
 ' mean it greatly to the Praise of Women,
 ' that they have the Soul more sensible,
 ' more sincere, and more courageous in
 ' Love than the Men; it is the Fruit of
 ' their Education, if one may call by the
 ' Name of Education, the Care taken to
 ' breed a Softness in their Hearts and an
 ' Emptiness in their Heads, which pro-
 ' duce all their Misguidances. Women
 ' are scarce open to any Impressions but
 ' those of Love, because Men are sollici-
 ' tous to inspire them with no others:
 ' Having

' Having no Hold upon them in Affairs,
 ' they can only know them in their Con-
 ' nexions of Pleasure. Thus most Women
 ' in the World pass their Lives in being
 ' successively flattered, spoiled, seduced,
 ' cast off, and at length left upon their
 ' own Hands without other but one only
 ' Resource, that of a Devotion of mere
 ' Practice, and full tiresome when without
 ' Virtue, without Fervour, and without
 ' some Party-Zeal of Religion.

' Love, it is said, is the Business of those
 ' who have no Business. Disoccupation
 ' then is the Mother-Spring of the
 ' Mistakes of Conduct into which Love
 ' throws the Women: This Passion pro-
 ' duces few Effects worth Notice in those
 ' Women in low Life, as much taken up
 ' as the Men of that Class in hard Work;
 ' though there are many of them plunged
 ' into Vice, not from any Instigation
 ' of the Heart, rarely from a Taste of
 ' Pleasure, and almost always by their In-
 ' digence; but I am speaking here only of
 ' those who have a certain Rank in the
 ' World, or of those whom Opulence or
 ' Idleness have placed within the Reach of
 ' assuming their Manners.

• The

‘ The Education of Men, all imperfect
 ‘ as it is, both in its Object and Method,
 ‘ has at least the Advantage of employing
 ‘ them, of filling their Heads with Ideas
 ‘ good or bad, but which make a Diversion
 ‘ from the Sentiments of the Heart. Af-
 ‘ fairs, Employs, Occupations of some
 ‘ Sort or another succeed to their Educa-
 ‘ tion, and leave to Love only a Place
 ‘ subordinate to other Passions. What
 ‘ they call Love is the Use of certain
 ‘ Pleasures which they seek by Fits, which
 ‘ they at first seize with Ardour, which
 ‘ they vary from Distaste or Inconstancy,
 ‘ and to which they are obliged to re-
 ‘ nounce when those Pleasures cease to be
 ‘ convenient to them, or themselves are
 ‘ no longer fit for those Pleasures.’ Here
 I could not help interrupting the Mar-
 chioness; I was so scandalized to hear a
 fine Woman and still young, profess a
 Kind of Atheism in Love, that I thought
 myself concerned in Honour to combat her
 Opinion. ‘ How!’ said I, ‘ Madam can
 ‘ one doubt of the Power of Love? To be
 ‘ sensible of it, it is sufficient for me to
 ‘ have before experienced it, and now
 ‘ again to be exposed to it with yourself;
 ‘ but independent of my own private Ex-
 perience,

‘ perience, I hear of nothing more frequently than of Connexions formed by Love, and which a long Series of Years has rendered respectable, without having weakened them.’

‘ I know,’ said the Marchioness, ‘ and I have examined with Attention those Connexions of which so much is said ; some of them there are who deserve the Praises bestowed upon them ; they are those whom Love may have begun, but whom Friendship has consecrated. And I know some who have not ceased to be plagued with Storms, till the Passion of Love was extinguished. These were those of Lovers, who, sometimes inebriated with Pleasures, and the Instant after tormented with Whim, Fits of jealous Humour, or false Delicacies, passed often one and the same Day in Caresses, in Piques, in Asperities, in Offences and Pardons, and in mutually tyrannizing one another ; after having worn out the Pleasures and the Pains of Love, these Lovers have at Length happily found out, that there was Worth enough on each Side to deserve their being Friends, and from that Instant, it is that they live happy, as such, with a more entire Confidence, than
‘ they

‘ they would perhaps have had, if they had
 ‘ never been Lovers, and with more Sweetness
 ‘ and Tranquility, than if they still were so.

‘ A State so rare and so delicious, might
 ‘ be the Charm of an advanced Age, and
 ‘ hinder one from regretting Youth; Re-
 ‘ flection which destroys or weakens other
 ‘ Pleasures, because they consist in a cer-
 ‘ tain Inebriation, augments, and confirms
 ‘ that of such a Friendship. In the Enjoy-
 ‘ ment of a Happiness, it is doubling it,
 ‘ to dwell upon, with a full Sense of it.

‘ As to those antient Connections which
 ‘ the Public is so kind to respect, for
 ‘ Want of knowing the Inside of them,
 ‘ what would they not lose by being ex-
 ‘ amined into? what would be seen in
 ‘ them, but Persons who continue to live
 ‘ together, because they have long lived
 ‘ together? The Force of Habit, the In-
 ‘ ability of living single, the Difficulty of
 ‘ forming new Connections, the Awkward-
 ‘ ness of re-imbarking in Society to which
 ‘ they are Strangers; each, and all these
 ‘ often retain Lovers from breaking old
 ‘ Engagements, and give even to a State
 ‘ of the dullest Weariness, an Air of Con-
 ‘ stancy. They are become unable to
 please

' please others, and thence are now neces-
 ' sary to one another, they cannot part,
 ' and often they dare not part; they are
 ' obliged to keep up their dismal and dis-
 ' gustful Union, from human Respects.
 ' Such is the Case, when after choosing
 ' one another, from a Taste of Love,
 ' they have made Proclamation of their
 ' Happiness, they have contracted an En-
 ' gagement before the Public, and have
 ' had Occasions to ratify it solemnly, and
 ' with Eclat. But alas! the Charm dis-
 ' sipates in Time, the Illusion ceases; they
 ' had each looked on the other as perfect
 ' Characters, and they come to find them-
 ' selves not even estimable ones; they re-
 ' pent, but dare not own so much, and
 ' from a Spirit of Obstinacy, continue to
 ' live together in a State of mutual De-
 ' testation. Thus human Respect hinders
 ' as many Ruptures as the Law prohibits
 ' Divorces. If Divorces were legal, the
 ' same Man who would solicit a Riddance
 ' from his Wife, would not in the same
 ' Circumstances break with his Mistress,
 ' but stick to her as to an inveterate Habit.
 ' He would not blush at freeing himself
 ' from a confessed Slavery, who would be
 ' ashamed at a Recantation of the Hap-
 ' piness he had once paraded in, of a volun-
 ' tary Engagement. ' Those

‘ Those lasting Connexions exact, towards
 ‘ Happiness, more estimable Qualities,
 ‘ than is generally imagined. Love sup-
 ‘ plies the Place of every Thing to Lovers ;
 ‘ its Object is all-sufficient to it. But
 ‘ that Object fades, Love goes out, and
 ‘ Wit or sheer Sense alone has not Fe-
 ‘ cundity enough to replace the Illusion,
 ‘ or become a Preservative against the Lan-
 ‘ guor of a retired Life, or of a continual
 ‘ Duet. But, if Wit and Sense, had even
 ‘ that Power, they must exist in the same
 ‘ Degree, in both Lovers ; otherwise the
 ‘ Barrenness of the one would stifle the
 ‘ Fertility of the other. It is for Wit alone
 ‘ to serve for any Length of Time, for
 ‘ Culture to Wit. It does not long yield
 ‘ alone.

‘ The Privacy of Lovers, such as I sup-
 ‘ pose a pleasurable one, cannot support
 ‘ itself, but through Friendship, through
 ‘ great reciprocal Esteem, and that entire
 ‘ Confidence, from which one enjoys the
 ‘ Presence of the other, even when one
 ‘ says nothing to one another, or when
 ‘ differently employed ; it would not be a
 ‘ bad Advice to Lovers who have declared
 ‘ themselves publickly upon that Footing,
 ‘ to

‘ to make a Provision of Virtues to fill up
 ‘ any Incident void of Love.

‘ It is thought that Men in an advanced
 ‘ Age are more constant than Youth, but
 ‘ this Constancy is but an outside Show.
 ‘ In an elderly Age its Fears anticipate its
 ‘ Wants ; its Experience makes it guard
 ‘ against a Privation of its Delights. Thus
 ‘ it enjoys with Inquietude, and does not care
 ‘ to part with what it is not always sure of
 ‘ finding again. Youth has little Fore-
 ‘ thought of Wants, it feels only Desires ;
 ‘ these are extinguished by Enjoyment, and
 ‘ soon revive again. Youth desires ardent-
 ‘ ly, enjoys confidently, and leaves one
 ‘ Mistress without Fear, because it easily
 ‘ gets another. This is the true Secret of
 ‘ the Levity of one Age, and of the Con-
 ‘ stancy of the other.’

All that the Marchioness said to me,
 more and more augmented my Surprize ;
 had her System been true, I was not yet dis-
 posed to admit of it : There are Principles
 of which the Demonstration is not sufficient
 to Conviction ; in Matters of Sentiment,
 one believes only what one Desires. I still
 loved *Madam de Canaples*, and was still
 sensible, or imagined myself so, that my
 Heart

Heart required that Passion to fill it, and that I should not cease to love her, till I could love another ; I was not long before I undeceived myself. The Marchioness had undertaken my Conversion, and Thanks to her Cares, I was soon cured of all my primitive Probitity of Sentiments, as the Course of these Memoirs will shew. But it is necessary that I should recite the Remainder of the Lessons which she gave me, and of which she took the Pains to inculcate, and refresh the Tenour, till she believed me sufficiently confirmed in what she thought right Principles.

The Lights she placed Things in to me, were so new to me, that, in order to remove my Scruples and clear up my Ideas, I proposed my Doubts. ‘ I own,’ said I, ‘ Madam, that you have made me not to know what to think of Love ; pray, in what is it that you make it consist ?’

‘ Nothing,’ replied the Marchioness, ‘ is easier to satisfy than your Question. To love, is competent to Friendship ; but to desire the Enjoyment of an Object, is what is simply called Love ; to desire that Object exclusively of all others, is the Passion of Love. The first Sentiment

' ment is always a Good; the second is on-
 ' ly an Appetite of Pleasure; the third,
 ' and the keenest, augments the Pleasure,
 ' and lays the Foundation of Pains.
 ' Friendship, and the Love-Passion have
 ' this in common, that they are both de-
 ' termined towards a particular Object,
 ' though from different Motives; there
 ' are even Friendships which become real
 ' Passions, and they are neither the securest
 ' nor the happiest.

' Love, on the contrary, such as it com-
 ' monly exists, impels vaguely and unde-
 ' terminately towards a Variety of Objects,
 ' and can always replace one by another;
 ' you will say, that such a Love is not
 ' very delicate. No, but it is happy,
 ' and Happiness it is that constitutes the
 ' Glory of Love.

' Delicacy does one Honour in Friendship,
 ' because it supposes a clear-sighted Senti-
 ' ment, as flattering for him who feels, as
 ' for him who inspires it; this Delicacy is
 ' always active, and inclines one to be
 ' serviceable to the Friend so beloved;
 ' one is afraid of appearing wanting to
 ' him; in Love that Delicacy is extremely
 ' passive; the pretended delicate Lover
 ' has

' has no Object but himself; he fancies all
 ' the Return is not made him which he
 ' deserves, and torments himself that he
 ' may torment another. What must be
 ' the Torture of two Lovers if they are
 ' both possessed with the same Caprice at
 ' once ?

' Delicate Minds are under a double
 ' Misfortune; they are painfully affected
 ' with the least Thing that hurts or seems
 ' to hurt what they call Sentiment; they
 ' are too difficult in their Pleasure; they
 ' cannot taste it if there remains any
 ' Scruple upon the Principle or Motive
 ' from which it proceeds; and unhappily
 ' they are but too ingenious in forming
 ' those Scruples.

' The Delicacy then so boasted and so
 ' little known, is at best but a Distemper
 ' of the Imagination: One would think it
 ' whets the Understanding only to give it
 ' the falser Edge.

' Yet, as if the Task had been set to
 ' poison all the Pleasures of Love, not
 ' contented with introducing Delicacy,
 ' they have moreover taken into it
 ' the Plague of Jealousy.'

Here

Here I could not help breaking out into an Exclamation: 'How!' said I, 'is not Jealousy an Attribute of Love?' 'Undoubtedly not,' answered the Marchioness; 'Jealousy is a Prejudice of Education strengthened by Custom: If Jealousy was natural to Lovers, it would not be local, they would be every where equally jealous; whereas there are Countries in which they are much less so than in others; there are some where they are not so at all, and whose Manners are absolutely opposed to it; where that passes for an Honour which amongst us would be the Heighth of Infamy. Even in one and the same Nation one sees upon this Article very different Manners, according to the different Ranks and Conditions of it. For Example, at Court one is not so susceptible of Jealousy as in the City; Jealousy is reckoned the Ridicule of a Cit. There are to be found even Citizens reasonable, polite, well-bred, or Fops enough not to be jealous; for one may get cured of one Species of Folly not only by Reason, but by a contrary Folly. But if the Prejudice itself was levelled, there would still remain some who would be jealous; but then these

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‘ would be only such as were constituti-
 ‘ onally so; as Jealousy or Envy is in some
 ‘ a constitutional Vice, like Ambition,
 ‘ Avarice, Indolence, Misanthropy, and
 ‘ various other Characters.

‘ Jealousy has so little of a natural Sen-
 ‘ timent in it, that it submits to the Pow-
 ‘ er of Prejudice in the Exercise of its In-
 ‘ fluence. Thus the same Man who would
 ‘ be jealous even to Frenzy of a Rival,
 ‘ scarce takes it into his Head to be at all
 ‘ so of a Husband: The Jealous are inter-
 ‘ nally so persuaded of their Injustice, that
 ‘ there are few who do not endeavour to
 ‘ conceal their being so.

‘ Jealousy it is commonly believed, is a
 ‘ Mark of great Love; but Experience
 ‘ proves, that the most violent Love is
 ‘ generally the least suspicious: Jealousy
 ‘ only implies a weak Passion, a foolish
 ‘ Pride, a forced Consciousness of one’s
 ‘ Want of Merit, and sometimes a bad
 ‘ Heart. For Example, how often has
 ‘ one seen a Lover tired and disgusted with
 ‘ his Mistress, seeking for a Pretext to
 ‘ break with her, and trying to procure
 ‘ one by Dint of ill-natured Proceedings
 ‘ One would think, that in such a Situa-
 ‘ tion,

' tion, he would be charmed with any
 ' one's intervening who should honourably
 ' disengage him. No; if he perceives that
 ' she can comfort herself for his Loss
 ' with another, his Vanity is hurt, because
 ' he cannot leave a Woman a Prey to her
 ' Regrets; Jealousy or rather Envy brings
 ' him back to play the Tyrant without be-
 ' ing himself happy. Such are the Men;
 ' their Love lives but by Self-Love; all
 ' their Jealousy is Pride.'

Though the Arguments used by the
 Marchioness were not perhaps over-strictly
 just, I did not find I was able to refute
 them; but I thought I could not do better
 than to bring the Application Home to
 herself. 'How!' said I, 'Madam, if I had
 ' attempted to make myself agreeable to
 ' you, and had succeeded in the Attempt,
 ' would you like that I should be wanting
 ' to you in Point of Constancy?'

'Why not?' said the Marchioness,
 Inconstancy is a Word of mighty Sound,
 and often very ill applied: In Friendship
 indeed it is a Crime; but if we were ever
 to take a Taste for one another, I would
 not pretend to be the only Object of your
 Attentions: Such a Pretension would be

‘ at once a Tyranny insupportable to you,
 ‘ and a cruel Folly to myself. Let us ever
 ‘ enjoy a Happiness as if it was never to
 ‘ end, and let us know how to part with
 ‘ it as having no Right to it.

‘ Do you imagine that I never had an
 ‘ Occasion of attaching myself as weakly
 ‘ as many others? Yes; I owe perhaps a
 ‘ Part of my Philosophy to my own Expe-
 ‘ rience; I made my Reflections early
 ‘ upon this Subject, and in consequence of
 ‘ them formed to myself my present Plan
 ‘ of Life; I set myself to improve my Un-
 ‘ derstanding rather with pleasureable than
 ‘ painful Knowledge, and such as might
 ‘ be capable of hindering Solitude or old
 ‘ Age from giving me any direful Appre-
 ‘ hensions; I have studied to defend my
 ‘ Heart from all tyrannick Passion, and to
 ‘ taste those Pleasures allowed me by the
 ‘ Manners now in reign.

‘ Not that I approve those Manners; if
 ‘ they were to become more regular, all
 ‘ the World would be a Gainer by the Re-
 ‘ form; but if that does not take place
 ‘ let the Men blame none but themselves;
 ‘ let them either cease to exclaim against
 ‘ this Torrent of Disorder, or cease to be
 ‘ lieve

' lieve that there is a different Morality
 ' for the two Sexes. I know with what
 ' Contempt they talk amongst themselves
 ' of those Women they appear the most to
 ' respect : This Knowledge would be the
 ' best Lesson a young Person could be
 ' taught, and such a Contempt would be
 ' often just on the Side of the Men, if they
 ' did not themselves deserve the like.

' I do not seek, as you see, to deceive
 ' myself either with Regard to the Men or
 ' the Women, and I say freely what I
 ' think, because the Opinion of others
 ' moves me not in the least ; I know I do
 ' not please all the World, but that does
 ' not hinder me from my being well re-
 ' ceived in it. The Men do not deserve
 ' any Delicacy on our Part about their
 ' Sentiments, it is enough that their Pro-
 ' cedure is satisfactory. I busy myself
 ' with those who please me, and take Care
 ' not to torment myself about those whom
 ' I may chance to please. The Frankness
 ' of my Conduct drives even Female Scan-
 ' dal to a Stand ; the Women scarce em-
 ' ploy themselves but in unveiling hidden
 ' Faults, and I dissemble nothing ; besides
 ' they are afraid of my using Reprizals,
 ' and that in unmasking them, I should

' make appear that the only Difference
 ' between them and me is their Falsity ; I
 ' do not think I should take the Trouble
 ' of it, but they fear it, and that is enough
 ' to secure their letting me alone ; I desire
 ' no more of them, for I do not pretend to
 ' their Friendship ; since besides my doubt-
 ' ing whether one Woman can be sincerely
 ' the Friend of another Woman, she ought
 ' always to prefer the Friendship of the
 ' Men ; there is more Constancy, more Se-
 ' curity, and less Constraint in it ; and the
 ' Men ought to think that of the Women
 ' the most agreeable. I have Friends, and
 ' I deserve to have them, because I am in-
 ' capable of Falsity to them ; I respect
 ' Friendship so much, as to be more diffi-
 ' cult in it than in Love, and the greatest
 ' Honour I could do a Lover who should
 ' cease to be agreeable to me as such,
 ' would be to continue him for my
 ' Friend.

If I observed some Singularity in the
 Ideas of the Marchioness, I observed with-
 al some Sentiments in her which pleased
 me, and insensibly I attached myself to
 her. For some Time she appeared to be
 taken up entirely with me, but I soon dis-
 cerned that if she had furnished me with
 Pre-

Preservatives against Jealousy, she knew very well I should stand in need of them with her. However, she had Reason to be satisfied with my Conduct; I had so well adopted her System that we had nothing to reproach one another, and without coming to any formal Separation, we found ourselves free and disengaged: I gave myself up then to every transient Taste; in short, I had from my natural Character a Turn to Sensibility, but I became a Coxcomb by Principles.

My first Successes had inspired me with Vanity, but the Multiplicity of them cured me of it: I shall not descend here into particularized Portraits of all the Women in Fashion who fell to me; their Character and Conduct are uniform; he who has had one, may say he knows them all; their Number can only serve to swell the Lists of such who are possessed with the Folly of making Lists. When Women of this Sort take a Man in their Heads, they make all the Advances as if they were nothing; when they have had their Fancy out, they deny them as if they were a great deal: There is then no poor, no stale Artifice of which they do not avail themselves; they begin by insinuating that the Man who has

been well with them, *has only given himself the Air of it ; — he would be the last Person they would chuse ; — they cannot conceive how any one could have him ;* by Degrees they pass on to more abusive Detraction, if however they can abuse ; they suppose that no one will believe they could speak so of a Man from whom they had any Thing to fear ; they never once think, that they are the only Persons in the World who imagine that they have any Thing left of a Reputation to lose : When one hears those Declamations, one knows immediately what to trust to ; one would learn it from them if one was ignorant before.

This Excess of Impudence is however not wholly useless to them ; it does not indeed dissuade, but it over-bears and obliges one to dissemble in their Presence the Contempt one has for them ; yet they are often much in the Wrong to be so violently afraid of Indiscretion, for there are who would willingly keep their having them a Secret, who have been obliged to have them in their own Defence.

I had then too many Rivals in my Way of Happiness for me to be able to flatter myself with acting a distinguished Part, so
that

that I fet myself to emerge from the vulgar Level by more splendid Conquests, and I had the good Fortuue to succeed in them.

The Lady whom I had the Address to please, was extreamly sensible to Tender-ness, highly turned to Love, but jealous to an Excess of her Reputation; she yielded only to the Esteem with which I had the Art to inspire her. There was even on my Side a Procedure of Vanity which turned to my Advantage; Madam *de Clerval* had put several Questions to me between Jest and Earnest concerning the Mistresses which the Publick had allowed me, but as I thought they did not do me Honour enough to take to myself much Glory from them, I disowned them absolutely, and all of them: This, which in Truth, was the Effect of my Coxcombray, Madam *de Clerval* placed to the Account of a Pro-bity both delicate and rare to be met with in our Sex; besides my Adventures had been too publick for her to doubt of them; so that she imputed the Noise they had made, to the Giddiness and Indiscretion of the Women who had been the Heroines of them, and thence conceived the highest Idea of the Discretion I should have for a Woman who should deserve it, since I

pushed it to such a Length, for those Women who respected themselves the least. This Way of reasoning which proved her Candour more than her Experience, was what betrayed her to me.

My Urgency becoming every Day more pressing, she owned to me, that she entertained the most tender Sentiments for me, and that I owed them principally to her being persuaded of my Probity and Discretion; I seized that Moment to confirm her in her Opinion. I employed an Eloquence, a Vivacity, in short such Exagerations as accomplished her Seduction, and which alone ought to have guarded her against me, had she had more Knowledge of the Character of our Sex.

The Confession she had made me, is what comes the hardest from Minds of real Honour, and when Women of this Character are to yield, the Consequences of such a Confession are more rapid, than with others. *Madam de Clerval* then trusted to my Oaths; not but from Time to Time she suffered the quickest Remorse, or at least Scruples of Honour, which alarmed her for her Reputation. I re-incouraged her by a thousand Protestations, which
somewhat

somewhat calmed, without restoring to her a perfect Tranquility, and I own her Inquietudes were not groundless. Though I was yet incapable of a Breach in Form of the Oaths I had made, I behaved with a Carelessness that was tantamount to an Indiscretion. My Sentiments were not only not so quick-spirited and delicate as hers, but as she was the first Woman whose Weakness could flatter my Vanity, I should have been overjoyed with having that perceived, which I durst not speak out, and with such Dispositions, one says nothing, and makes known every Thing. I cannot here deny myself the placing two Reflections, which I have often since made: The first, that it is against the Laws of Honour to aim at winning the Heart of a Woman, with whom one is not violently in Love. There are some who would resist an Inclination, who would even triumph over a Passion, if they had not been betrayed into a Right to flatter themselves with having inspired an equal one; and there are abandoned Women who would never have had but one Passion, if the Object of it had been a Man of Honour. After finding themselves betrayed, they are distracted with Remorse, or lose that Remorse by Dint of deserving more. Certain

it is, that Love can never procure to a Woman of Worth, so much Happiness as it makes her lose; so that a Man of true Honour ought never to render her the Victim of a light or transient liking.

My second Reflection turns upon the different Sorts of Perfidy; there is one which consists in blackening, through an atrocious Calumny, the Character of a Woman, whose Disdain one may have experienced; this Villainy is, I believe, very rare. There is another common enough, of betraying by Indiscretion, and through a ridiculous Vanity, the Secret and Favours of an unfortunate Woman, and whom Gratitude or Honour ought to have obliged one to respect. The third Sort of Perfidy more despicable yet than the second, consists in *losing* Discretion; in revealing by one's Conduct, what one affects to conceal; in letting Things be seen into, in which one would not be believed, if one was to say they were so. He that betrays openly, exposes himself at least to Resentment, and always creates himself Contempt; whereas the artful Procedure I speak of, does not make a Man lose the Reputation of being a Man of Ho:

Honour. It is the Poison yet more odious than the Dagger.

Thus it was however, that I behaved with Regard to *Madam de Clerval*; I even employed an Artifice, which, all as it hurt her, only did me Honour.

Amongst those whom she saw, one of my Friends, *Derville* by Name, had fallen in Love with her. He had an agreeable Figure, was not absolutely without Wit, and yet less without his Share of Giddiness. He was one of those Characters, who throw into Society less Ideas than Soul, less Soul than Warmth, less Warmth than Motion, whose Heart is all Ardour, whose Head is all Action, or rather Agitation. They talk at Random, undertake with Boldness, succeed through favourable Conjectures, and often miscarry, especially when they aim at employing Prudence, because then they never take but false Measures. One meets them every where, one often complains of them, one is always incommoded by them; yet there is no hating them because they have Goodness in their Intentions.

Derville

Derville piqued himself upon Discretion, because he had at least the Meaning of it. He wanted to know every Thing, and nothing would have made him precisely reveal any Thing wherewith he had been trusted; but his Endeavours to be discreet were the first Act of his Indiscretion. One learned by them at least that he had a Secret; thence one soon got into the Tract of it, and discovered it at Length, without one's having a Right to make him any Reproaches, and without the Possibility of making him sensible that he deserved any.

As he was the most of any concerned to examine me, he was not long before he suspected what I ill enough disssembled; and the Suspicions of those who have a Right to be jealous easily become Certainities. He was naturally frank, and told me that he had had Designs upon *Madam de Clerval*, but that having perceived my being well with her, he had taken the Resolution to renounce all Pretensions, and that, since simply his Suspicions, hindered him from being my Rival, his Procedure very well deserved that I should make him Returns by my Confidence, in
con-

confessing to him the Truth. I answered him, with a false Air of Disinterestedness, that I was obliged to him for the Regard he showed me, but that he might dispense with it, since it was making me a Sacrifice in vain. ' I believe,' said he, ' that upon this Answer of yours, I ' might go forward without your having ' a Right to complain. But, it is enough ' that I am not tempted to declare myself ' your Rival out of Resentment, I would ' try to avoid making Love on a Dupe- ' footing, which most probably would be ' the Case, as I see your Interest too well ' established for me not to lose my Pains. ' However, since you are pleased to be ' mysterious, you have no Secret to re- ' commend to me, and of course cannot ' take it but well that I do not conceal ' from those who knew my Projects, ' what it is that makes me relinquish ' them.'

Upon *Derville's* Answer, I betook me to a most shrewd and perfidious Prevarication; I was indeed, at first disposed to own all; but upon the Sort of a Menace he made of divulging my Secret, if I did not trust him with it, I altered my Design.

There

There is in Love as in false Devotion, a relaxed Morality, an Hypocrisy and Subterfuges, by Means of which one may play false to Probity, more effectually and securely than if one appeared less to respect it. One does not absolutely impose upon one's self, but one stuns Conscience, and one is not above half-cheated; but the rest of the World is compleatly so. One almost gets rid of Remorse, or one is, at least, sheltered from Reproaches.

I would not for the World have been formally wanting to the Oaths I had made to *Madam de Clerval*; on the other Hand I would have been charmed with my Secret being penetrated, and when I conceived that towards making it public, Reserve would serve me better than frank Indiscretion, I yet deepened the Air of Mystery I had put on to *Derville*; by this Means I accomplished his Conviction of the Truth, and fixed him the more in his Project. I told him faintly, ' that he ' was in the Wrong to look upon me as a ' Rival, and that he would be more so to ' spread any Thing that might hurt *Madam de Clerval's* Reputation, and that I

' be-

‘ believed him too discreet for that.’ ‘ Too
 ‘ discreet!’ said he, ‘ you flatter me egre-
 ‘ giously: Discretion is not, and I know
 ‘ it, what I most shine in, and, I shall
 ‘ hardly think fit to reform at least upon
 ‘ this Occasion.’

Our Conversation ended at this, we
 separated, and no longer than the next
 Morning I received Compliments which
 proved that *Derville* had been as good as
 his Word. Some Days after I met him,
 and made him some Reproaches with
 more Vivacity than Sincerity; he answer-
 ed in a Tone of Pleasantry, whilst I grew
 so serious, and understood Raillery upon it
 so ill, that I forced him at length, to be
 as much in earnest as I affected to be.
 It came then at length to drawing Swords,
 and I had already wounded him, when we
 were parted.

What *Derville* had said, might never
 have come to *Madam de Clerval*’s Ears, nor
 have had much Effect with the Public, but
 our Rencontre made a prodigious Noise,
 and informed the whole World of the Oc-
 casion of it.

The

The Affair had not been over an Hour before Madam *de Clerval* was acquainted with it. I was myself going to give her an Account of it, and to make a Merit to her of the Warmth with which I treated every Thing that could affect her ; but her Door was denied me. I was extremely surprized at this Refusal of Access, and I insisted against it, but I was let to know that the Order was clear and precise. I went home and wrote to Madam *de Clerval*, desiring her to unriddle this Mystery to me. She returned me the Letter without having opened it. My Astonishment was increasing every Instant, when one of her Women came to me, and told me, that Madam *de Clerval*, had no Complaint against me for what had passed, but that my Adventure was not the less Injurious to her, and that to prevent its going the Length of dishonouring her, she desired me to dispense with not seeing or writing to her. I was preparing to enter into Particulars, but was stopped by this Woman assuring me, that her Commission was precisely restricted to what she had told me, and she instantly withdrew.

I could not conceive, that a Woman who seemed to love me, could be dissatisfied with my Procedure, that she could take so singular a Resolution, and much less that she could have persisted in it. I presented myself at her Door, I wrote to her again, but neither were my Letters received, and her Door was constantly from that Time denied me. When long after that, I accidentally met with her in the World, I had almost forgot her, and she conducted herself towards me with so reserved a Politeness, that I had that of abstaining from requesting any Explanations from her, and from recalling any Thing that had passed between us.

Her Conduct on this Occasion, though seemingly capricious, was noble, courageous and sensible. In a Woman known to be a Woman of Gallantry, it would have been taken for a Proof the more against her, but it is so rare for a Woman of Honour to have such a Power over herself that the Public ended with justifying her. Women, even the most reasonable, and the most tender of their Reputation, complain, reproach, and, at Length forgive.

The

The strongest Proof of Indifference for a Man, is to give over seeing him.

And indeed, the most experienced in these Matters have ever doubted, whether I had been well with *Madam de Clerval*, and, since that, she might have had ten Lovers, without being once so much as suspected.

Derville, who had only received a slight Hurt, being recovered, and having heard that *Madam de Clerval* had made no Distinction between us, and had equally given Orders for neither of us to see her, became sensible of the Wrong he stood in, came to excuse himself to me, and grew to be so sincerely my Friend, that I might have stood in Need of a hundred Indiscretions, before he would have committed one in my Favour; so simply and ingenuously was he persuaded, that I had Reason to complain of him.

I had besides many Motives of Consolation; I was presently as celebrated as possible, and thought it was already a Gothicism to fight for a Woman, most of the Sex took it kindly of me in their Hearts and if they taxed me at the same Time with

with Giddinefs, that did me no harm. For any Man who wants to diftinguifh himfelf in the Career into which I was entering, it is indifferent enough whether he is well or ill talked of ; it is fufficient that he is much talked off. I faw myfelf then fought after by Women who a little before did not fo much as know my Name. Amongft thefe there was one of whom the Conqueft tempted me.

She was of fome Eminence amongft thofe, who are known by the Name of Schemers, or Women who meddle in all Affairs of Life. They are pretty numerous, without however forming a Society ; for though they all know one another, that Knowledge only ferves them to be in guard againft, and avoid, for Fear of running foul, or athwart one another : There are of them of all Conditions, and all of them have the fame Turn of Wit, often the fame Views, with oppofite Interests ; fometimes they have feparate Departments, as if by a tacit Convention, they had fhared the Bufinefs of the World amongft them. Yet, they exclude nothing ; they may admit Preferences, but never Bounds. Devotion and Love are equally in Confederacy with this Spirit of Scheming ;
what

what would be Passion, or Way of Life in others, serves to these female Schemers for the Springs of their Machinery: They adopt nothing as Principle, and employ every thing as Means: They are despised, feared, kept Measures with, and fought to. Yet is their Credit at a great Discount from the Opinion it stands in, and from the Appearances one sees of it; their Life has more of Bustle than Substance in it. The Honour of many Events is given to them, in which they had no Share, though they omit nothing that might make it be believed; this is the Coxcomb-part of their Character. They take especially, great Care to conceal the little Regard, and often the Contempt, in which they are held in by those, upon whose Interest they make the highest Parade of their Dependence. How many Persons are there in Power whose Names are made Use of to serve or hurt, without their knowing any Thing of either? How many of these Female-Schemers whose Credit draws its Existence from the Opinion one has of it! Denying it would destroy it. It is a Phantom that vanishes the Instant that one ceases to believe in it.

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They begin this Calling, through Ambition, Avarice, Inquietude; they continue it through Habit, through Necessity, to preserve the only Existence they have in the World. A Schemer, who whilst she is in Vogue, is at once the Object of Contempt and Civility, sinks into the most manifestly opprobrious Abjection, when she is forced to remain out of Business, because her Impotency is unmasked.

One is often surprized to find so little Wit as in the most Part of these Female-Schemers, and yet they are not those who succeed the least. It is certain too, that the most artful of them, are not enough so to escape the Reputation of it. This Reputation indeed may hurt them in their Projects, but then it serves them like an Advertisement to an Office of Intelligence.

Madam *de St. Fal*, who was one of the Notables in this Way, took a Taste for me, and I met her Half-way. Besides, the Adventure's appearing singular to me, I had heard that these Women make all the Fortunes they undertake, and as I was far from caring to take any Pains about mine,

mine, I took it to be more commodious for me to have any but myself take Charge of it. As to this *St. Fel*, she laid her Account, with having at her Disposal a Man of a large Acquaintance, carested, well-informed of Things, and who indiscreet as to the Rest of the Universe, would have no Confidence but in her. Our Characters were too opposite for our Connexion to be of any long Duration: Every Day she read me a new Lesson of Prudence, and at every Instant I committed a new Indiscretion; she told me her Opinion of this with a great deal of magisterial Dignity; I did not answer her with all the Respect which she had for herself, and began to neglect her very sensibly; she was cruelly piqued at it, but without seeking to retain me, she did not think proper to come to a total Breach with me; she would have ruined me, if she had thought she could do it without an Eclat; perhaps she endeavoured as much underhand, but she continued to speak well of me coolly. This is pretty much the Stile of these Women of Business; they wound, but they never say any Ill of one; Abuse they look upon as a Mark of bad Conduct and false Policy. According to Circumstances, they are capable of even serving openly a Person whom they secretly detest,

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detest, in Expectation of a secure Occasion of Revenge; for Hatred is with them a more tenacious Passion than that of Love is in other Women.

If my Adventure with *St. Fal* was not over-delicious, it did not the less procure me a Sort of Distinction: Most Women made no doubt of my having a superior Merit, from my daring to treat so cavalierly one accustomed to make herself feared. As soon as this Opinion of me was established, I saw myself so much in Request, that I found it no easy Matter to conciliate so many different Affairs as I had upon my Hands; some I missed that would have greatly pleased me, but which happened to come upon me at Seasons unfavourable to my Engagement in them, inso-much that I have been sometimes on the Point of asking Time, and proposing Terms of Adjournment; and I do not know, but that if I had had the ingenuous Impertinence of making such Proposals, there would have been Women ingenuously mean enough to have accepted them. This is no Exaggeration, and the Experts in these Matters will do me the Justice to allow it.

I became then in a little Time intoxicated with *Airs* and Petulancy; there was no Species of Folly which I did not consider as making Part of my Duties, and I fulfilled them to their utmost Extent; I hazarded every Thing that a Man of Sense is careful to forbid himself; every Thing succeeded with me, and I was soon an Object of Emulation to all the Coxcomb Tribe which was then more numerous than at present, because there were more Occasions for that Character. What I advance here is not the less true for being contrary to the common Opinion.

If one considers rightly, one will find that all the Follies in Fashion have like the Arts dependent on Taste, their different Age, their Birth, their Reign, and their Declension.

It is so long since that Love was a tender, delicate, respectful Sentiment, that this Love is now looked upon as absolutely romantic; yet there was once an Age of Honour and Probity in Love, from which Discretion was inseparable, and constituted a Part of its Happiness; it was even an essential Duty, and so common, that it was

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not reckoned to one for Praise, as Indiscretion would have been a Crime attended with too foul Dishonour: That Time is passed.

The first Mark of the falling off of Happiness is, as of Virtue, when one begins to take Glory to oneself upon it. Vanity then began to interfere with Love, and consequently to adulterate it; Vanity begot Indiscretion, and the Women who were the first Victims of it gave themselves up to Despair; then was the golden Age of Coxcomby, for soon this Misfortune became so common, the Frequency of Examples afforded such Matter of Consolation, that the Motives to Shame disappeared, and the most timid and tender of their Reputation took Heart and Courage to stand it: In short, Things are come by Degrees to such a Pass, that one sees Women get the Start of the Men in Indiscretion, and disappoint it by the Eclat they are the first to make, whilst by their Indifference about what the Publick may say of them, they put Coxcomby to a Nonplus.

Who is there will take it for an Honour to divulge what is no longer concealed, or a Secret? I do not doubt then but to see

before long Coxcomby perish like great Empires, by the Excess of its Extent.

There is scarce any Folly or Impertinence but what may have its Day for being in Honour, and from thence fall into Contempt. Such has been the Fate of *Petit-Maitres* or Rakes; that Title was at first appropriated only to young Fellows of high Birth, elevated Rank, an amiable Figure, a sparkling Imagination, a smart Courage set off with Graces and Frolic; distinguished by Actions of Note, dangerous in their Conduct; they acted even a Part in the State, had their Influence in Affairs, deserved Praises, needed Indulgence, and understood the Art of carrying all their Points. In this Light it was that the *Epernons*, the *Cayluses*, the *Maugirons*, the *Bussys d' Amboise*, &c. at first made their brilliant Appearance. This Species of singular and eccentrical Beings, almost as rare as that of great Men, did not long subsist; their Successors, or rather those to whom their Denominations were given, had nothing in common with these Originals, but their Birth and their Levity; the Title itself is almost become extinct at Court; one sees there few who have Merit enough to support it; infomuch that it is now re-

legated

legated into subaltern Classes or Country Places, where abusively or through Derision, it is bestowed on little insignificant Creatures who are not made for Ridicules of such high Distinction.

Even for Vice itself there is such a Thing as degenerating: Those who were formerly called *Men of Gallantry* could not be so but in Virtue of the Graces of their Figure and their Wit; they durst not attempt the taking up that Character till they were encouraged to believe that they had Merit enough for it, by the Advances that were made them, and those signal enough not to let them doubt of it: Too much sought after to be constant, they were carried away by the Multiplicity of Objects who courted their Acceptance; their Inconstancy was sometimes less their natural Character than the Effect of their Situation; they were fickle without being false: This too is changed.

It does not appear at least, that many of those who are now in Fashion, had a very clear Vocation for the Part they act; their Gallantry is a Profession which they have embraced by Choice, as others take on in the Church, the Law, or the Army, often

with very contrary Qualifications ; but what in this is most admirable, the Want of them is perfectly indifferent as to the Success : To be admitted and succeed in the Career, it suffices, to set out with declaring oneself upon this Footing. You will see Persons shine in it whom you would have advised to have taken Pains to acquire Esteem enough by their Virtues, to intercede for their being forgiven their Deficiency in all that constitutes barely the agreeable.

One would wonder what could tempt them to so laborious a Calling ; there is no Profession, no Views of Ambition or Fortune, no religious Macerations that impose so much Care, Perplexity, Trouble, and Inquietudes as the Pretension of being the Man in Fashion, the Hero of the Day in Gallantry : Many have premeditatedly given themselves up to it, who, had they been condemned to it, would have thought themselves the most miserable of Men. However that may be, it is enough to declare oneself a Man of Gallantry to be one, and one continues to be so because one has been so : One may begin this Character without the Merit of a good Figure, and support it without Youth : It becomes an
acquired

acquired Title; yet one would hardly have imagined that the Right of Prescription could have taken Place in this Point.

There is even upon this Article a whimsical enough Contrast between the Fate of Men and that of Women.

A Man in Fashion preserves his Celebrity, and often establishes his Claims in an Age in which he ought naturally to forfeit them: Long after ceasing, or losing his Right, to please, he may still retain the Power of seducing; on the contrary, it seems that the Celebrity of a Woman doubles her Age. One is tired with certain Beauties, not so much from their having been long, as for their having been much talked of: There are some amongst them who would attract a more effectual Attention, if they were at the first of their Appearance without the being younger than they are. The Publick is apt enough to treat Women like publick Diversions, whom it either runs upon or deserts. But if one sees some Men succeed without the Qualities requisite for what they undertake, one sees others born with all the greatest Advantages, except that of a happy As-

surance, remain in Obscurity through Excess of Modesty.

Intrigues too are often engaged in or broke off through Convenience, and not by Choice. The Society in which one lives often decides in them much as Marriages are resolved on between Families; so that one sees Intrigues as well as Marriages made by Reasons of Convenience: It is not even without Example for Constraint to be employed, and for Lovers to be compelled into a Taste for one another; so that some Connexions of Gallantry are formed as tyrannically as some Marriages.

I began however, to be less in Love with a Number of my Follies; my Relish for them was wearing off; I began to be gluttied, and I was in Danger of having the Vapours through mere Weariness of them: I had too great a Share in the Depavation of the Manners of my Age not to perceive myself, that my Vanity suffered by following too long the Ridicules of which I had myself led the Fashion.

I thought it necessary then to look out for Pleasure in some Society, that should be as shining

shining and more honourable than those I had hitherto habitually lived in.

I had occasionally heard a great many Encomiums of that in which *Madam de Saintree* presided: This was a young Widow who by her Rank, Fortune, and Taste in Life, assembled at her House the highest Choice of the best Company; I got myself presented by one of my Relations who was admitted in it, and I have since learned, that it was not without Difficulty he had obtained it for me; he had however, the Discretion not to let me know so much then, and contented himself with recommending to me the behaving with a more decent Liberty in that House, than what I used elsewhere.

Though I was wrong-headed enough of all Conscience, I was not without a Pliancy of Manners; so that without Affectation or Constraint, I could conform myself so as not to be out of Concert either with good or with bad Company; I had soon then chimed in with the Pitch of that which frequented *Madam de Saintree*; nor did I ever see an Assembly better chosen or more varied, without being what is called mixed Company: There it was I observed a Dif-

ference of Characters without Contrariance in them; Wits of a natural and singular Turn without Affectation or Oddity; good Sense without Pedantry; and Liberty without Licentiousness. No Topic was excluded the Conversation, no Topic was preferred. The Matter of it without being stiffly regular or nonsensically desultory, turned upon all those Subjects natural to be called up amongst Persons of different Conditions, well instructed and agreeable, and who were all of them estimable in their respective Class.

When a happy Chance has assembled such a Society, there is no Need of taking Care and Precaution for its Subsistence; it remains united by a natural Magnetism of which bad Company never comes to spoil the Virtue. One may commonly think that it requires some Attention to keep it off; not at all; bad Company does itself Justice, and voluntarily banishes itself from good, because it finds itself as sure to be wearied in it as it is to disconcert it. If this was not the Case, what Defence would one have against the Irruption of those privileged Impertinents to whom their Rank opens all Doors, if their own Want of Taste was not happily a Preservative against their Importunity?

Madam

Madam *de Saintree* was more than any one made to be the Soul of the Company which her Merit assembled: Independent of the Charms of Figure which always cause an agreeable Illusion; she had an extensive, correct, delicate, natural, and easy Wit; I say nothing of her Character; the Sequel will make it known.

I had more than once experienced that Beauty does not always create Love, and may excite no more than a cool Admirati-
on; but Madam *de Saintree* made me sensible that true Wit joined to a tempting Figure, is ever sure of its Effect. I be-
came so deeply struck with her, that I was simple enough at first, to believe that she only amused me a little more than any other Woman; my Mistake did not continue long, and what strengthened my Taste and piqued me, was, to perceive that the Splen-
dour of my Reputation, far from being a Merit with her, was an Argument against me. She was one of those Women either modest or proud enough to be against hav-
ing their Names serve to adorn a List, which the more numerous it is, the more they think it is dishonouring, unless they were sure to make the last Article; and the

Women who esteem themselves the most, are the least apt to flatter themselves it will be so: It is one of those Occasions in which Self-Love does not inspire Confidence.

Here then, the following my old Plan was out of the Question: Had I betrayed the least Symptom of Hope, *Madam de Saintree* would have looked upon it as an Affront, and have instantly reduced me to a Footing of never forming any.

A Lover who has Prejudices to overcome, ought to destroy them by Degrees, conduct himself with Prudence, and not build upon the first little Mark shown him of a Taste for him. In such a Circumstance one can pretend to nothing unless one arrives at inspiring a true Passion. Of this I was sensible, and without yet daring to flatter myself with Hopes of Success, I followed the Course which my best Apprehensions pointed out to me. I laid myself out then to please *Madam de Saintree*, and above all to appear to her worthy of Esteem: It is already a beginning to become estimable, to desire to appear so. I omitted nothing that might persuade her that my Follies had not been my own, but those of my Connexions, and that my Attachment

to

to her had been sufficient to me to correct them. I was so much the more persuasive, for that I was myself persuaded, and I put her Heart into my Interest by the Court I made to her Self-Love : This is the surest Lure one can throw out to Persons of Wit open to a certain Sensibility, without which they would never be Dupes.

I soon perceived the Impression I had made on her Heart, and that it grew every Day deeper. *Madam de Saintree* began to be more grave with me than she had been ; I judged that her Mind was not tranquil, and that she suffered inward Conflicts ; I became upon this more animated, more pressing without being less respectful, and I took Care not to triumph that I might make the surer of my Victory ; I obtained it at length, and my Happiness was the compleater for her Satisfaction appearing equal to mine.

I was however, in no Degree tempted to make a Trophy of my Conquest ; the Pleasure of it was sufficient to me, and when that rises to a certain Pitch of Vivacity, it suspends even Vanity itself ; my Glory however, lost nothing by my Discretion ; I continued to attract Attention, and the

the most jealous of those who had kept their Eyes fixed upon me, seeing me as much carested and distinguished in the best Company as I had been every where else, passed from Jealousy to Admiration. A continual Chain of varied Successes forces one to think that they multiply themselves only in Favour of those who deserve them. I perceived the Idea they gave of me, and I was clear that I never had more Reasons to be satisfied with myself than I then had.

If the Admiration of which we are the Object carries us beside the right Sense of ourselves, it sometimes brings us back to it. A secret Complacency leads us to a Self-Examination, that we may enjoy minutely each Particular of those Perfections of which the Collection may, by dazzling our Admirers, hinder them from knowing our Merit in its whole Extent. In seeking to procure myself this interior Satisfaction, I found an Emptiness in myself which occasioned me some Scruples about this immense Merit of mine; I did not distinctly think, but I confusedly felt, that in the Publick there existed a Prejudice in my Favour, of which the Principle was not so advantageous to me as the Effect. I immediately dismissed this disagreeable Idea;

Idea ; I appealed against it to my Reputation, to which I had Recourse as a Confirmation to myself of my Merit. I went into the World again, and retrieved my Self-Sufficiency ; I have more than once been made sensible, that if we were to judge after nobody but ourselves, we should do ourselves tolerably exact Justice ; and that we esteem ourselves more according to the Rate of others Opinions than our own.

What may contribute to foment this excessive Presumption, is the Sort of submissive Court paid us by some whose Birth is often equal to ours, but which we should not know without their being reduced to let us know it, because their Fathers did not think proper to come to Court, and Fortune may have for several Generations kept them in an Obscurity unsuitable to the Splendour of their Ancestors : A disdainful Indifference hinders us from contesting with them any of their Pretensions ; but looking on them as Persons of no Sort of Importance, we content ourselves with keeping them at a Distance by a cool Politeness, that reduces them to humble themselves towards obtaining a Re-admission to us, without having any visible Right to complain of us

This

This Sort of Inferiours, these little Cousins out of the Country are not the only ones to help spoil us; what are commonly called the old Lords about the Court contribute their Share; sometimes indeed, they let escape against us some acrimonious Expressions of a false Misanthropy; but those Fits of ill Humour are short-lived; a long Habit of Respect for the Court inspires them with a machinal Regard for those who appear at it with Eclat, and where they are in Note, if but for their Follies. Our Speeches about them are not indifferent to them; they flatter, they seek to us, and make use of our Indiscretion to serve their Designs; they know that by us it is they must be informed of the Intrigues of the Women, and often of Affairs through those Intrigues. In short, they can have, with regard to our Irregularities, neither the Compassion that springs from Humanity, nor the Contempt which might proceed from Reason, because themselves have neither the Good of Society at Heart, nor true Sense in their Heads; they are Men palled and muddled as to Pleasures, who, at a certain Age, give themselves wholly up to Ambition or rather to Party-Cabals; they

aim

aim at compleating by their Labours, a Fortune they found almost ready made to their Hands, without its having cost them a Dream about it; in short, there are no longer but two Divisions of Characters amongst the Men of the World, the Triflers, and the Party-mongers.

Our Birth and our Rank determine both our Success from the first Start in our Career, and the Facility with which we are to manage our Course through it; in so much that Persons of our Class generally arrive at nearly the same ending Posts, unless they have by their own Faulty incurred such a Debasing, as to set them beneath all Pretensions.

But even the having debased oneself, is not enough to distance one from the Road of Interest and Honour, if one is not withal unfortunate: Otherwise War, Cabals, Hypocrisy, Pedantry, and a thousand other Circumstances furnish Occasions to repair oneself at Court; it is a Place where one may almost always choose one's Reputation: One may lose, renew, change it all within the Revolution of a Year, and successively exhibit a Variety of Characters in one Person: In short, at Court they

remark

remark every Thing and remember nothing.

I am very far from thinking that my Sincerity can inspire an indifference to one's Duties ; there is no conceiving how important it is to bestow upon them all one's Care and Attention. I own that at Court they despise nobody, but they sometimes esteem, and whatever may be one's Rank there, that personal Esteem gives to those who deserve it, an Illustration which obscures that of Posts and Employs.

I return to what concerns me : I was then in the Heighth of my Self-Admiration, when I received a Lesson which humbled without correcting me, and began to make me reflect : If a Man of Sense had taken it into his Head to have represented my Follies to me, I should have construed his Remonstrances either as the Effect of a mean Jealousy, or of a ridiculous Stupidity, and should not have answered them but with a contemptuous Compassion, or a petulant Raillery ; but the Check I received came from a Quarter liable to no such Suspicions : The Marchioness herself it was who began to open my Eyes. It was now three Months that we had enjoyed

a delicious Life, when I took it into my Head to disturb it: As her Attentions augmented every Day towards me, mine grew cooler and cooler; the Society which assembled at her House, constituted next to myself, the Happiness of her Life; I undertook the Disconcertal of it; it was reserved for a Man of my great Airs to think of so noble a Project, and I should have had the Glory of breaking so worthy a Society, if I had not found in the Marchioness a Character of more Firmness than I could have suspected.

Amongst those who paid her an assiduous Court, the Chevalier de Nizette was the Person to whom she showed the most friendly familiar Regard.

It is necessary that I should here give an Idea of him: He was a Man of about fifty, who after having served in the Army with Distinction, less out of Ambition than Duty, had quitted the Service upon Peace taking Place; he had a great Rectitude of Heart, and Gentleness of Manners; his Understanding, rather extensive than shining, resembled an even regular Light that illuminates without dazzling, and diffuses itself over every Object: Men of a middle
Order

Order of Understanding might have lived a long Time with him without suspecting his Superiority; it was only for those of eminent Sense to discover it; his Imagination ever subordinate to his Reason, showed the less shining for it. The conspicuous Parts in certain Characters are only Flashes of Light that shine the more for the Opposition of the Shades in them. There are Heads to which their Disorder does Honour, as Confusion somewhat imitates Abundance: Thus it is too, that the Ruins of an ordinary Building may take up more room than a well-proportioned Palace.

I never knew an Understanding of which all the Parts preserved so perfect an Equilibre: That *je me sçai quai* so sensible in certain Physiognomies, and so difficult to describe, the Chevalier must have had it in his Character, to have made so much Merit be forgiven him, for whilst he did Honour to Virtue, he was respected by Envy; he might appear precisely the first Character every where, but he could, in the Truth of Things, be no where a second one: In short, if I would have painted the most perfect Man of Honour and Worth, I would not have chosen another Model, but I was at that Time far from knowing all
the

the Value of him : Men of Sense are rarely agreeable but to such as themselves, or to those who are near becoming such.

The Chevalier such as I have pictured him, was the Person of whom I gave myself the Air of acting the jealous Part. I was not susceptible of that Jealousy which supposes a delicate Love, and which proceeds from a modest Diffidence of oneself, and is even flattering for the Object beloved ; there is another Species of Jealousy, cruel for him that feels it, and injurious enough to the Person who inspires it ; but from which I was defended by my Self Opinion ; my Jealousy then was a downright pure Caprice ! Tired with being happy in a plain Way, I wanted to exercise a tyrannical Empire over the Marchioness to amuse my Vanity, and put her Complaisance to the Tryal : Men are fond of Sacrifices, and I exacted one ; I coolly gave the Marchioness to understand that the Affiduties of the Chevalier made me uneasy.

‘ You are not jealous !’ said she. ‘ No assuredly,’ answered I, ‘ I have hitherto preserved myself from such a Ridicule.’ ‘ Is it a Caprice then ?’ said the Marchioness,

chionefs. ' A Caprice ! Madam, I am in
 ' Love with your calling it a Caprice ; I
 ' did not think I was a Man of Caprices.'
 I own at that Time I did not believe so.
 ' But,' replied the Marchionefs, ' what
 ' Name will you have me give this Hu-
 ' mour you now put on to me ? What
 ' should be my Reasons for my breaking
 ' with an old Friend ? Yourself could not
 ' will that I should.' ' Oh Madam !' said
 I, ' I will nothing ; I see plainly enough
 ' that I should pretend with a very ill
 ' Grace to have a Will ; I should have
 ' imagined, that Lovers were purely to be
 ' taken up with searching into, penetrating,
 ' and satisfying one another's Sentiments,
 ' without giving or requiring Reasons.' ' I
 ' think on the contrary,' answered the
 Marchionefs, ' that Lovers ought to tell
 ' one another ingenuously what hurts them,
 ' and candidly confess their Motives whe-
 ' ther reasonable or frivolous. Self-Love
 ' ought not to complain of any Mortifica-
 ' tion from such Condescensions, or if it
 ' receives any, it is to Love it owes the Sa-
 ' crifice of them. Have you any Reason
 ' to be dissatisfied ? Speak, explain your-
 ' self, are not you sure of my Heart ? I
 ' have sacrificed too much to you for you
 ' to doubt of it ? I should indeed deserve
 ' Pity

' Pity, if I had displeased you, all with the
 ' most intense Desire of pleasing you; you
 ' do not so much as answer me! one would
 ' think that you took a Pleasure in afflict-
 ' ing me.' And indeed, I perceived that
 her Eyes were suffused with Tears; I was
 then tempted to relinquish my nonsensical
 Project, but my mightier Coxcombry com-
 manded me, and I set myself to subdue the
 Marchioness by affecting to keep up a false
 Delicacy in Favour of an Excess of Imper-
 tinence. ' It is in vain,' said I, ' Madam,
 ' to insist longer upon this Point; we think
 ' too differently upon it; my Ideas are per-
 ' haps too delicate, too romantic if you
 ' please; but whether Reason or Caprice I
 ' own I am piqued at your Resistance;
 ' perhaps Reflection may bring you to be
 ' more complaisant.'

I did not wait for the Answer of the
 Marchioness, and I came away intimately
 well persuaded that I should soon receive a
 submissive Billet from her, that would pro-
 cure me the Satisfaction of letting myself,
 with Dignity, be softened.

The next Day came, and I was the
 more surprized with hearing nothing from
 the Marchioness, for that I used every
 Day

Day regularly to receive a Billet from her, for some Arrangement of a Party, to Supper, to publick Diversions, or Walks, and often upon no Occasion at all: Lovers have not always something to say, though they have always a Desire to converse with one another.

Three Days were elapsed without my having had the least Signs of Life shown me from that Quarter; I grew uneasy; I had no doubt but that the Marchioness had taken sick, and that my Severities were capable of making her die of Despair; in short, whether through Generosity or simply a Motion of Curiosity, to clear up the Motives of so obstinate a Silence, I went to her House; I found her with the Chevalier, and perceived that my coming in had cut short an interesting Conversation; I was received politely, and after some general broken Discourse, such as Persons fall into who are improperly interrupted, the Chevalier went out.

The Marchioness and I being left together, we remained a good while without speaking to one another; I waited for her to begin; but finding she did not, and piqued at my being obliged to open

a Conversation, of which the Introduction did not a little perplex me, ' I did not imagine,' said I with a Tone of some Bitterness, ' that the Chevalier was so necessary to you, I see that it was really a Sacrifice that I exacted from you.' ' But Sir,' said the Marchioness interrupting me, ' the Tone you take it upon, would make me fear that it should degenerate into Acrimony, and as I would avoid ever having any between us, hear what I have to say.

' I had flattered myself that the captious Insult you offered me three Days ago, was only a transient Caprice, a Fit of ill Humour, of which I should perhaps never have spoke to you again; but as I can no longer doubt, that it is either a premeditated Design, or a Vice constitutional to you, I am willing to prevent the Consequences.

' I have loved you; perhaps I love you still; but Love has not all the ascendant over me which it has over other Women, who have commonly nothing in their Head but what reverberates to it from the Heart. I propose then to lay open my whole Soul to you; learn to know me.

' I have never confounded Friendship
 ' with Love; Friendship is a clear-sighted
 ' Sentiment which may begin by Inclina-
 ' tion, but must be confirmed by Esteem.
 ' This consequently supposes in it a Free-
 ' dom of Choice, at least to a certain Point.
 ' Love is a blind Transport, a Sort of
 ' Distemper that Women are liable to
 ' catch: The Preference which Love ob-
 ' bliges us to give one Man above the
 ' Rest is a forced Favour. Esteem is a
 ' Justice: Friendship partakes of the one
 ' and the other. A Friend has his Rights,
 ' which Time and Reflection can only
 ' serve to confirm. A Lover has no Pri-
 ' vileges but what a Caprice has conferred,
 ' which another Caprice may make him
 ' lose, and which Reason may at any
 ' Time take away from him. A Woman
 ' would be too happy could she find the
 ' Qualities of the one and the Charms of
 ' the other re-united in one Person.

' But to come to what immediately con-
 ' cerns you and I: You have been my
 ' Lover; the Chevalier is my Friend; I
 ' have given you all my Tenderness; and
 ' I have had Occasion to repent it; I have
 ' given him all my Confidence, and I

' have

‘ have had all the Reason to applaud myself for it ; I have tasted Pleasures more lively with you than with him, but he is more necessary than you to my Happiness : Pleasure is but a Situation, Happiness is an Establishment : Judge if I ought to sacrifice him to you.’

As I fancied I discerned in the Discourse of the Marchioness something of the Artifices of a dextrous Coquette, who sought to associate to me a Friend, only to bring me afterwards to acquiesce in a Plurality of Lovers, I resolv'd on that Instant to subdue her, to take Advantage of the Passion she had for me, and of the Ascendant I believed I had over her, that I might be in pass to give Laws to her.

‘ I admire prodigiously,’ said I to her, the philosophical Dissertation and the nice Distinctions you have just now uttered ; but for me who understand nothing of subtilizing, or splitting of Hairs upon Love, I declare to you, that I never will live with a Woman of whom I am not to engross all the Confidence, and who shall prefer a Friend to me : See then if you have a Mind to lose me.’

' The Readiness,' said the Marchioness,
 ' with which you take your Determination,
 ' might alone suffice for me to pronounce
 ' immediately the one I now find the most
 ' convenient for me; but before I ulti-
 ' mately answer you, suffer me to repre-
 ' sent to you the Difference between
 ' the Chevalier's Procedure and your's.

' The Chevalier has for me that Ten-
 ' derness of Sentiment which naturally
 ' takes Place between two Friends of dif-
 ' ferent Sexes, and which without being
 ' precisely Love, lets yet the Passion of it,
 ' warms the Heart, inspires Attentions,
 ' animates the Duties of Friendship, and
 ' renders it the Charm of Life.

' Not that he has declared to me this
 ' Disposition of his Heart: he feels it
 ' without knowing it. In the Belief that
 ' he is past the Age of loving, and too
 ' modest to think he has a Right to inspire
 ' Love, he gives Way to a Sentiment
 ' which is never more delicious than when
 ' one experiences it without a distinct Per-
 ' ception of it.

' Such

Such a Friendship does not commonly go without a Tincture of Jealousy, and the Behaviour of the Chevalier to you, is what forms a Proof to me of his Generosity, of the Candour and Beauty of his Soul. My Taste for you has not escaped him, and nevertheless he has shown you more Regard than to any one: he has loved you from the Instant he knew you was dear to me; he has respected our Secret: he has observed the same Discretion as if we had owned it to him, and looks upon that as a Confidence on our Part, which he knows from our Imprudence, if there could be such a Thing as Imprudence in relation to him.' Faith! said I, interrupting here the Marchioness, the Chevalier is but a Simpleton not to have attempted more with you; in the Dispositions I see you, he could not have failed of succeeding: You agree that he loves you? I am sure of it, said she, That he is dear to you? Very much so, added she. I do not conceive then, continued I, what could stop him. Many Considerations, replied the Marchioness, which you are far from supposing, and of which you I could not easily make

' sensible. However that may be, I have
 ' been charmed that the Chevalier either
 ' had not Vehemence of Sentiments e-
 ' nough, or did not himself see clearly e-
 ' nough into them, to make me a Decla-
 ' ration of them; because I should not
 ' perhaps have given him a favourable
 ' Answer, and he would have been unhap-
 ' py. Such a Declaration from a Man of
 ' Fashion in Gallantry is not even a Proof
 ' of Love; from a Man of the Chevalier's
 ' Character, it is the strongest Engage-
 ' ment he can take. It would not then
 ' perhaps have been in his Power to have
 ' cured himself of his Passion, or his
 ' Friendship would have been always sus-
 ' picious to me. No one cares to get rid
 ' of a Passion compulsively. The Humi-
 ' liation of Self-Love irritates it more and
 ' more; whereas a Man who has made
 ' himself sensible of an Impossibility of
 ' Success, and who has not engaged him-
 ' self in Advances, reflects, combats his
 ' Desires, and finds himself paid for his
 ' Struggles by the Honour of obtaining
 ' a Victory which he owes only to himself.
 ' Those Struggles settle into a Tenderness
 ' of Sentiment, and one is sometimes as
 ' happy through the Love one feels as
 ' through that one inspires.

' My

' My Ideas may still appear to you ri-
 ' diculous Subtilities or splitting of Hairs;
 ' but to obviate even those Questions
 ' you think would embarrass me the most,
 ' I will frankly own to you, that if I had
 ' an only Friend whose Love constituted
 ' his Unhappiness, I should not think my-
 ' self very criminal if I preserved him to
 ' me at the Expence of some Complaisance.
 ' I would rather give a Friend the Pri-
 ' vileges of a Lover than rashly give my
 ' Confidence to a Man who had no Me-
 ' rit but that of pleasing me. There are
 ' certain Prejudices which I shall hence-
 ' forth respect in my Conduct, and which
 ' I nevertheless reduce internally to their
 ' just Value. But I am to tell you far-
 ' ther, that had I a Complaisance of
 ' this Nature for a Friend I should wish
 ' that he were persuaded, that I made him
 ' no such mighty Sacrifice, because I
 ' would not have him judge it himself
 ' of Importance enough to triumph upon
 ' it as a Lover, or in other Words to
 ' abuse it. However, Things are very
 ' well as they are, and so far from granting
 ' too much to Friendship, I believe that
 ' the severest Decency is the Safe-guard

of Pleasure, and above all of Constan-
 cy in Love. You advised me to make Reflections,
 and what is more, you have furnished
 me with the Subjects of them; I have
 made them, and in consequence I am
 now thoroughly determined to have none
 but Friends; I believe I deserve them, and
 when a Woman is worthy of Friendship,
 she ought not to lose herself by Love.
 I see by Experience how much the
 Education we have given us is defective
 and unserviceable. They exalt Virtue
 to us, and yet present it to us under a
 forbidding Aspect; they seek to give us
 a Dislike of Pleasure, and Pleasure is
 the sole Desire with which Nature in-
 spires us. Curiosity engages us to clear
 up our Doubts, were it only to get rid
 of the Constraint into which we are
 thrown by the Contrariety between Na-
 ture and Education. It would stand us
 in more stead, if without exaggerating
 of Virtue, or imposing upon us about
 Pleasure, they fairly gave us to know
 the Consequences of the one and the
 other. There is no Passion which is so
 natural to us as that of Self-Love; all
 the

' the others are bound to make Terms
 ' with it, and I greatly doubt, whether a
 ' young Person, had she nothing more but
 ' Pride to her Virtue, would be tempted
 ' with the Condition of the Woman of
 ' Gallantry the most happy in it. How
 ' many Disgusts and Humiliations is she
 ' obliged to prevent by Dint of Com-
 ' plaisance, or devour with secret Resent-
 ' ment? It is doubtless rather of the latest
 ' that I have made these Reflections, but
 ' it is ever Time enough to benefit by
 ' them: So Sir, if you please to make
 ' one amongst my Friends, I shall be
 ' greatly flattered with your Acceptance of
 ' that Title, for you must not lay your
 ' Account with having heretofore any
 ' other Pretension to me.

This Discourse of the Marchioness ap-
 peared so singular to me, and so little in
 the common Order of Women, that I
 could not persuade myself that it was as se-
 rious in the Motives as in the Expressions
 of it; fearing nevertheless to exasperate
 her further, I did not think fit to keep up
 the assuming Air I had at first taken up.
 ' Madam,' said I, ' you certainly have a
 ' Mind to put me to the Trial; for it
 ' would be an unheard-of Thing, that an

‘ Instant of ill Humour between two
 ‘ Lovers should terminate in a Rupture.’
 ‘ Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I have been sincere
 ‘ in my Weakness, I am so in my Re-
 ‘ pentance of it, and will be firm in my
 ‘ Resolution; let us say no more of it I
 ‘ beg of you.’

I was in the greater Consternation at these last Words of the Marchioness for my remarking in her Tone neither Harshness nor Anger; I loved, I was piqued, I was mortified, and was sensible I had no other Resource but that of Humiliation to her, and of seeking to sooth her into a relenting by Dint of Meannesses: Pride engages one to employ them, because it lays its Account to expunge them by the Success. I threw myself at her Feet, I said all that I could imagine the most moving, I used the most pressing, the most submissive Entreaties; my being piqued to the Soul even extorted Tears from me which I would have withheld from her seeing, and which I wished she should perceive: These are rapid Emotions of Self-Love, that succeed and destroy one another in their Turns; that appear contradictory, and yet proceed from the self-same Principle.

The

The Marchioness seemed to be moved, but she remained unalterably fixed. 'I conjure you,' said she, 'to give over a vain Attempt; I am willing to believe that you have still a Taste for me, but I read your Heart better than you do yourself, and at this Instant your Pride is more wounded than your Love. If you persist to press me, it will be without Success; my Resolution is taken; you would hereafter think you had demeaned yourself, you would blush for it, and take an Aversion to me. I do not wish to lose you; let us join in forgetting what is passed, let us continue Friends, it is the best Thing we can do.'

'Madam,' said I, rising up in a Rage, for I was still upon my Knees, 'you drive me to Despair, you hate me; if there remained to you the least Sentiment of Love, you would not have that Liberty of Spirit which you show upon this Occasion. Love feels and follows its Emotions; Hatred possesses the Calm of Reason; It is for Hatred alone to carry Cruelty such Lengths. Think however, that it may be fatal to yourself; either you are little afraid of an Eclat, or you

reckon a great deal upon me, in which doubtless you do me Justice; but one is not always the Master of one's Transports, and Passion may set Probity aside.

At these Words, the Marchioness, eyeing me with a cool Indignation, said, I understand you, Sir, and I will not leave your Falsity the least Refuge. If I cannot inspire you with Sentiments of Probity, I will reduce you at least to all the Frankness of explicit Villainy. Yourself cannot but feel all the Odiousness of an open Menace, which one would nevertheless think the least to be suspected Language of Passion; and in preparing me for the basest Procedure, you seek to anticipate for yourself an Excuse in the Imprudences which Passion engages to commit. Undeceive yourself, or cease to believe that you can deceive any Soul alive, upon the Nature of your Motive.

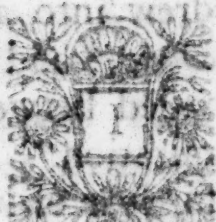
Love, when happy, may discover itself, and betray the Object of it by Indiscretion or Imprudence, by an Excess of Sensibility, or even by its actual Happiness; but Revenge often blind in its Motives, is never so in its Designs. One may think

' think oneself authorised to seek revenge,
 ' but one cannot be ignorant that one does
 ' seek it. Besides, if you make publick
 ' what has passed between us, you will in-
 ' form the World of nothing that it does
 ' not already suppose, but you will yet
 ' more clearly prove that you are a Man
 ' of no Honour. Can you believe that I
 ' flatter myself that our Intimacy has never
 ' been suspected? With how much soever
 ' Prudence an Intrigue may be conducted,
 ' one may indeed hinder its being known,
 ' but there is no hindering its being be-
 ' lieved. But, be that as it may, I have
 ' nothing to ask of you. My Entreaties
 ' would be superfluous, if you have Ho-
 ' nour; and vain, if you have none. To
 ' The Marchioness, without waiting for
 ' my Answer, or rather to prevent it, with-
 ' drew into a Closet, to which she shut the
 ' Door, and left me stunned, and di-
 ' vided between Madness, Shame, and Ad-
 ' miration. I left the room immediately,
 ' for fear of letting my Confusion be seen by
 ' those who might come in, and went home,
 ' to shut myself up in Privacy, and there try
 ' to clear up my Ideas, and to come to some
 ' Resolution. I was two Days before I could
 ' determine myself; at length, whether from
 ' Com-

Compunction, or Hope, I wrote the Marchioness a most submissive Letter, and soon after went myself to her. She received me perfectly well, but managed with so much Precaution, that without appearing to affect it, I never could find her alone, till she saw me convinced of the Impossibility of re-assuming with her my former Privileges.

End of the first Part.

PART II.



M. E.



MEMOIRS

UPON THE MANNERS *of this* AGE.

PART II.



I **TOOK** so much the more Care to be assiduous in seeing Madam *de Saintree*, as I did not choose to have my Disgrace take Air; and in order to salve my Honour, I resolved to impose on the Publick by an apparent Inconstancy. Perhaps I should have made a better Choice than I did, had it not been for the Hurry I was in to make a Show of it, and I preferred

ferred the being taxed with having made a bad Choice, to the being suspected of having met with such a Disgrace.

The Countess of *Vergey* was at that Time the Object of general Attention, from her Figure, her Graces, and the Advantages of her Birth and Rank. She was one of the small Number of those who are quoted, when to prove that a publick Walk has been a fine one, a publick Diversion adorned, or an Entertainment splendid, one says, "Madam such an one was there."

As to her Reputation, I ought also to own that the Countess was one of those Women, whose Disorder of Life is exaggerated, though Satyr might confine itself to the Bounds of Truth, without scarce losing any thing by the Restriction. She was one too of those Women with whom a Lover is often plagued and embarrassed, and sometimes obliged to lay to his Friends: That she is an unhappy Woman in her Temper, very amiable, very friendly, very estimable at bottom, in many Points: That the Publick is unjust, and handles certain Characters too roughly, and without Provocation; that Women shew her no Mercy, and tear her to pieces out of pure Envy, and that
their

their foolish Lovers repeat their Scandal to please them.

There is some Truth and some Falſity in their Apologies, but unhappily they convert nobody. I did not at firſt ſee Madam de Vergey in her true Point of View, but I thought her handſome, and the Conqueſt of her was flattering, from the Number of gay, glittering Sparks who urged their Deſigns upon her, and from her having rejected ſome very amiable Men; probably, becauſe ſhe could not be every where at once. In ſhort, the Taſte I had taken for the Counteſs hindered me from liſtening to what was ſaid of her, or did not permit me to give much Attention to it; and yet there is leſs Altoniſhment due to my Blindneſs than to the Manner in which it ceaſed. Without inſiſting here on the Preludes of our Connection, I ſhall only ſay, that ſhe was flattered with my Homage, and diſtinguiſhed me by ſo ſignal a Preference, that the moſt preſumptuous of my Rivals were obliged to renounce their Pretenſions, or at leaſt to ſuſpend them.

My triumph was ſo publick, that any Indiscretion on my Side would have been a Folly, and Diſcretion a Ridicule. An exterior

terior Indifference of Air to the Glory of it, was the only Countenance that became me to put upon it, and I kept it up with a great deal of Dignity. Happy Situation! that of a Man of Fashion in Gallantry not to be obliged to have any work with Measures of Secrecy or Decorum.

If I found Madam *de Vergey* on the public Walks, I never offered to join her, but when it would have appeared an Affectation to decline it. At the Theatres I was never seen in the same Box with her, a Particular which could be a Mark of Distinction for no one but myself. I took any Place at random, and had the Pleasure of seeing the Eyes of the Company alternately directed to her and me. What a Swell of Self-opinion does not this Curiosity of the Public suggest to him who is the Object of it! What Pleasure did I not taste in considering that so many Heads were employed about me, and that I was the Theme of all Conversations? The Intoxication of Love is not comparable to that of these Airs, for turning the Head: but could I have seen myself in cool Blood, I should have found myself a great Fool, a great Coxcomb, and a great Fop.

I had then no Uneasiness but about one Article, which it is not very common to have any Concern about, and that was the Husband ; besides that, he had a particular Friendship for me, he enjoyed a Character of great Consideration in the World, and there is no injuring, without Scruples, the Man one esteems.

The Count *de Bergey* was a Man of uncommon Probity, right solid Sense, and a great deal of Wit. His Character was frank, and somewhat dry, his Satyr rather upon the corrosive ; there were few Persons he esteemed, and fewer yet whom he loved. He had a Sort of Compassion for Fools, was never under any Constraint with Knaves, and amused himself at the Expence of the Ridiculous, or kept Silence about them from an Excess of Contempt. He had at first been in Love with his Wife, and was become very indifferent about her, without its seeming that her Conduct had any Share in it, for in other Respects, his Procedure to her was thoroughly polite, and well-bred.

I could not conceive how a Man of so fine an Understanding, and who had so little Faith in the Virtue of Women, could
be

be so grossly the Dupe of his Wife's. I could not attribute such a Blindness but to that particular Grace and Favour, whereby the Husbands are scarce ever informed of what relates to them; this is perhaps the only Civility for which they can have to thank the Publick.

However my Esteem for him, and his Friendship for me, kept me in constant Fear that he might come at last to open his Eyes. This I dreaded, because he might have looked upon as a Treachery from me what would have been no more than an ordinary Affront, on the Part of any Man not so intimately connected with him as I was.

So that though I sometimes treated his Wife cavalierly enough, I was sure, in his Presence, to behave to her with the most respectful Reserve. As for her Part, who neither regarded herself before him, or before the Public, she gave one Day, one of those Scenes of Ecstacy so bad as to scandalize even the Court. And indeed at the Court itself, rare as it may be to find there Women, who by a Purity of Manners, an irreproachable Conduct, and a sincere Piety, are an Ornament to their Sex, it is rarer

yet

yet to find those consummate Intrepids, who bravingly over-leap those Barriers, over which Women barely gallant dare not set their Foot. There are never there, at one Time, above three or four, who are, one may say, the Plenipotentiaries of Vice, in Charge to protest against Virtue and Docency, and the Countess was one of that Number.

I was so enraged, and so confused at the Scandal she had given, that I was going to reproach her sufficiently with it. I could not find her, but was so unlucky as just in the Agitation I was in, to stumble upon Mr. Kersey, who remarking my Vexation, asked me what was the Reason of it. I do not think I was ever in the like Perplexity; it will easily be judged how important I held the concealing the Cause from him. I told him I had a violent Head-ach, the very baldest Answer is ever that which presents itself uppermost to a Man who has not a good one at Hand; and that is, because he is searching for it. 'The Head-ach,' said he, 'is not a Disorder you are commonly subject to, and I durst lay a Wager that something is the Matter upon which you are afraid to talk to me, you are in the wrong, with a Friend one
' may

‘ may touch upon certain Things, which
 ‘ one would not chuse to impart to indif-
 ‘ ferent Persons.’ By this, I currently un-
 derstood that he had been informed of this
 his Wife’s recent Adventure, and that he
 believed me penetrated with it, out of
 Friendship to him. I was then extremely
 relieved by my conceiving that he had
 touched the wrong Scent, and that I might
 humour his Mistake, I entered into it.
 ‘ Why in Truth,’ said I, ‘ it is some Con-
 ‘ solation to see one’s Friend take Part
 ‘ sincerely in You may safely
 ‘ depend,’ said *de Vergey*, ‘ on no one’s
 ‘ having a greater Concern than me for
 ‘ whatever relates to you; but, faith, my
 ‘ Friend, a Man should know how to take
 ‘ a manly Resolution, and hold Things at
 ‘ no higher Rate of Esteem, than their just
 ‘ Value.’

I thought at first I had hit his Meaning,
 but I did not now know what to make of
 it. ‘ What do you mean,’ said I, ‘ by
 ‘ what relates to me?’ ‘ Sdeath!’ said he,
 ‘ are not you my Wife’s Lover, and in
 ‘ that Case, who the Devil would you have
 ‘ should be hurt by her Conduct; not
 ‘ me I hope?’ ‘ Faith,’ said I, my dear
Vergey, ‘ I was simple enough to believe

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' it; but you relieve me beyond Express-
 ' sion.' ' That surprizes me,' said he,
 ' you a Man of the World, and yet so lit-
 ' tle acquainted with it? It is now a long
 ' Time that Madam *de Vergey* and I have
 ' nothing in common between us, but the
 ' Name. You are after many others in
 ' Possession of my Rights, you should not
 ' then grudge to have the Burthen of her
 ' Ridicules fall upon you. I am perswaded
 ' you think of this as I do, but you be-
 ' lieve you owe me a Mark of Politeness,
 ' which is however, only your mistaken-
 ' enough Notion of Things; I esteem you
 ' too much to see it in another Light,
 ' and I should have a very bad Opinion of
 ' your Probity, if being my Friend, and
 ' thinking to injure me, you had seduced
 ' my Wife. I declare to you then, that
 ' all her Proceedings, even the most li-
 ' centious of them, are indifferent to me,
 ' ridiculous as to you, and dishonourable
 ' to herself, supposing that she could yet
 ' be dishonoured.'

' I own,' replied I, ' that you are in the
 ' right Principles, but you are the only
 ' Husband, be it said without Intention to
 ' flatter you, who are impressed with so
 ' strong a Sense of them; and, who dares

own

own them with such Courage. I assure
 you, said *de Vergey*, that without pre-
 tending to much Honour from these
 Sentiments, I had at first no other De-
 sign than to give you some Consolation
 in your Disaster; if I had found you more
 than reasonably grieved; but since we
 are upon this Matter, I will make an
 End of telling you my Opinion of it.
 You think that other Husbands are not
 so fully convinced of these Principles as
 myself, because they do not declare them;
 and why? they do not so much as be-
 lieve that any Body doubts of it. You
 indeed, might have remained in the same
 Error with Regard to me, if this Acci-
 dent had not happened to inform you of my
 Way of Thinking: But this ought to
 make you judge the same of that of
 others, especially when you see them act
 in Consequence thereto. The Activity
 of your Life has not yet allowed you to
 make Remarks on any Thing; but, with
 a little Reflexion, you will find that
 Things are precisely as they ought to
 be.

The Laws are made to regulate our
 Actions, but our Préjudices determine our
 Sentiments, and those Préjudices take
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their Birth from Custom. Now the Customs of the Court are totally different from those of the City. For Example, if there, a private Person is wrong'd by his Wife, behold him dishonour'd, that is to say, a Subject of Ridicule; for in *France* those Terms say much the same Thing. But why is he dishonour'd? It is because having married to his own Taste, he is at least accusable of having made a bad Choice. It is not so with regard to Persons of a certain Rank, whose Marriages are a Kind of Treaties that turn upon the Conveniences of Birth and Fortune. For which Reason it is we know nothing amongst us of that burlesque Appellation bestowed, in common Life, upon a Husband to whom a Wife plays false.

And indeed to whom can such a Title with Propriety be applied, but to a Man in Love with his Wife, and who in the Trust that she loves him, has *that* Trust betrayed by her? We are not in that case, *Well* or if such an one by chance should be found amongst us, he would be a rare Exception. You may even observe that it is the first false Step a Woman takes of this Sort, which reflects a Ridicule upon her

‘ Husband; for let but her Gallants mul-
 ‘ tiply never so little, or her Adventure
 ‘ make a great Noise, he is soon unde-
 ‘ ceived, takes his Measures upon it, and
 ‘ is restored to the Privileges of our Rank.

‘ It is in Consequence of these different
 ‘ Ways of thinking, that a Citizen, who
 ‘ after his Separation from his Wife, with
 ‘ all the Scandal tack’d to such a Step,
 ‘ should take her again, would be more
 ‘ dishonoured than before, because he
 ‘ thereby publicly proclaims himself her
 ‘ abject Slave. There are, at this Day,
 ‘ more Separations than formerly there
 ‘ used to be Divorces. But if the Divorce
 ‘ was allowed, few Persons of the Court
 ‘ would take the Benefit of it to get rid of
 ‘ their Wives, because the Manner in
 ‘ which they live with them, is of itself a
 ‘ Kind of standing Divorce. The Hus-
 ‘ bands and their Wives, in this Class, live
 ‘ together without Bitterness, and are al-
 ‘ ways at Liberty to take one another
 ‘ again. The Husband is not obliged to
 ‘ blush at such a Resumption: it is a Trick
 ‘ he then plays to his Wife’s Gallants, for
 ‘ he is almost sure not to find any Re-
 ‘ sistance. Women are naturally timid;
 ‘ the most determinate of them submit to

‘ the

the Husband's Ascendant, fear and re-
 spect him, when he has a mind they
 should, unless he is in love with them.
 If I pleas'd, I could carry mine off from
 you, but I despise her too much ever to
 entertain the Design of it : She would be
 a Burthen to me, for I find her Company
 tiresome. She is believed to have Wit,
 but she has very little; I know her bet-
 ter than you do. When you will exa-
 mine her in cold Blood, you will find
 that all her Merit springs from her Ill-
 nature, and from the singular Turn she
 knows how to bestow on Scandal; and
 it is that which procures her so many
 Enemies, Admirers, and Slaves. If
 ever Decency was to come into Honour
 again, she would be looked upon as an
 Idiot, and I know a great many more
 in the same Case. Oh! said I, you
 cannot deny that she has a peculiar
 Grace. Oh! no doubt, said *de Vergey*,
 I expected so much; it is the hackneyed
 common-place Encomium, which is
 given to all the Women who have the
 Art of preparing their Malice with some
 fulsome, insipid Preliminaries, which
 they employ to seduce the Men. You
 are all of you strange Dupes.

' For the rest, I beg your Pardon if I
 ' speak too freely of your Mistress; my
 ' Design is not to give you a Distaste of
 ' her. I had rather she had you than ano-
 ' ther, because I like your Company, and
 ' you may perhaps reclaim her out of the
 ' opprobrious Way she is in. There are
 ' Women who repair themselves, in some
 ' measure, by a good Choice. If that was
 ' to happen, you would render my House
 ' more agreeable, in clearing it of a Croud
 ' of feather-brain'd Flutterers, lively with-
 ' out Ideas, eager without a View, flighty
 ' without Imagination, tiresome with all
 ' their noisy Hurry, speaking ill of all the
 ' World, often without propense Ill-nature,
 ' and of themselves, upon the same Strain,
 ' out of Folly, and always improperly, from
 ' Nothingness of Character: Having in
 ' short, all the Inconveniencies of Wit,
 ' without the Graces of it, and of Dullness
 ' without the Tranquillity of it. I dare
 ' not flatter myself with the Hopes of see-
 ' ing such a Reformation take place in my
 ' House; but come what will of it, I shall
 ' be nevertheless your Friend.'

I was so movingly affected with *de Ver-*
gey's Confidence, I enter'd so much into
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his Sentiments, that from that Moment I took the tenderest Friendship for him, and his Wife became as indifferent to me as if she had been my own. I should indeed nevertheless have broke with her, nor should I have believed her in the least sensible to it, but for some Railleries she made upon it. *Vergey*, who remarked our Rupture, jested with me about it, and told me, that if I took it into my Head to be delicate, I should lose a great many Pleasures, unless Reason came into Fashion.

‘I do not think,’ said I to him, ‘that Fashion will ever carry its Dominion that length, nor do I greatly reckon upon it,’ replied he, ‘but happen it may, for amongst us, Fashion extends its Jurisdiction but over every thing.’

‘As I am not of an Humour to entertain you with supercilious Morality, and see every thing with Indifference enough, I shall not tell you, that there never was so corrupt an Age as the present one. At bottom, as to the Stock of Vices, one Age has not many Reproaches to make to another; perhaps in justice one should discount from the Corruption of the current one, what may more pro-

' perly be transferred to the Account of
 ' Folly, but I believe there never was a
 ' more indecent one. For Example, when
 ' thinking to deceive me, you concealed
 ' yourself from me, you did me a great
 ' deal too much Honour, and I was far
 ' from giving you any Credit for a Dis-
 ' cretion, of which I could not have sus-
 ' pected you, and I durst lay a Wager,
 ' *Madam de Vergey* never advised you to it.
 ' A Woman does not commonly keep so
 ' much Measures with her Husband, but
 ' she may keep them with a Gallant, whom
 ' she does not care to lose, and to whom
 ' however she wants to play false. Then in-
 ' deed she will use some Care and Manage-
 ' ment, in which she thinks she condescends a
 ' great deal. And why? because an Act of In-
 ' fidelity to a Lover may have a Temptation
 ' of Convenience with it, which one done
 ' to a Husband no longer admits. If the de-
 ' ceived Lover comes to discover it, and
 ' pretends to give himself any Airs of Un-
 ' easiness, he is immediately cashiered.
 ' On the contrary, if he is mean, or if
 ' you will, wise enough to shut his Eyes,
 ' he is thenceforward the more considered
 ' and caressed. He may indeed sometime
 ' have to undergo Fits of Ill-humour, but
 ' he is at liberty to have them too, provided
 ' they

‘ they are not jealous ones ; ’till at length
 ‘ he becomes a Husband in Form, and the
 ‘ true one is no more than a Stranger, very
 ‘ well contented with being so.

‘ The Age then, as I was saying to you,
 ‘ will not become better at Bottom ; it
 ‘ will not reform, but it will change at
 ‘ least, were it but from becoming weary,
 ‘ cloyed, and disgusted with Indecency.
 ‘ It is in vain that Virtue protested against
 ‘ the Disorders in Love, it was but too
 ‘ natural for the Attraction of Pleasure to
 ‘ carry all before it. It is then to an Ex-
 ‘ cess of Depravation, to a Surfeit of Li-
 ‘ centiousness, to a thorough Debasement
 ‘ of Manners, to Vice itself, in short, that
 ‘ it belongs to destroy its own false Plea-
 ‘ sures, and to discredit that Sort of Love,
 ‘ which itself inspires. The World will
 ‘ be forced to have Recourse again to Vir-
 ‘ tute, even for the Interest of its Pleasure.
 ‘ Believe me some Change will happen, and
 ‘ perhaps for the better.

‘ For instance there is nothing in these
 ‘ Days so run down, so exploded as conjugal
 ‘ Love. This Prejudice is too violent ; it
 ‘ cannot last. Now let us see how a Re-
 ‘ volution may come about.

' A Man of a distinguished Rank,
 ' quoted for his agreeable Person, his Wit,
 ' his Grace, with a sprinkling of Cox-
 ' combry; I require, as you see, a Con-
 ' currence of a Number of Qualities, be-
 ' cause less cannot go to the composing a
 ' Head of a Sect; such a Rarity of a Man,
 ' I say, may find himself in love with
 ' his own Wife. I conceive that he will
 ' at first combat this Inclination, or that if
 ' he cannot conquer it, he will endeavour
 ' at least to conceal the Knowledge of it
 ' from the Public; but there are Persons
 ' devilishly keen in discovering the weak
 ' Side of others. In spite of all his Skill
 ' then, his Secret will be penetrated, and
 ' before he is perfectly unmasked, he will
 ' betake himself, in his own Defence, to
 ' act with Intrepidity and brave it out.
 ' This is sometimes an artificial Way of
 ' acquiring the Courage one has not, and
 ' is already a Beginning of it. In short a
 ' new Kind of Singularity will pique his
 ' Self-love, and he will appear undaun-
 ' tedly in the Character of a Husband in
 ' love with his own Wife. Whilst the
 ' Women will chaunt forth his Praises, for
 ' fear he should recant, and before the
 ' Men are convinced that he is in earnest
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' with his Part, his Condition will be
 ' established, and fixed. What then?
 ' Why there will not be wanting some
 ' young Men who will consider this Con-
 ' duct as a fire-new Ridicule, which they
 ' will determine to come into for their
 ' Share of being talked of for it, if but to
 ' rob the Inventor of his Honour of being
 ' *unique* in it. Vice and Virtue are equally
 ' Matter of Imitation. They will act
 ' Love for their Wives without feeling it,
 ' 'till they are taken in by the Rule of
 ' Mocking being Catching. A bad Prin-
 ' ciple will have a good Effect, and they
 ' will become attached in good earnest by
 ' dint of having affected it. Others who
 ' are sincerely in love with their Wives,
 ' will be charmed with having Authorities
 ' for not constraining their Inclination.
 ' Nothing but happy Couples may come
 ' to be heard of; a good Air of the Thing
 ' may come into play, and such a Circum-
 ' stance may possibly come into Existence,
 ' as will bring Virtue itself into Fashion.'

This Prediction which *de Vergey* drew of
 the Age appeared to me exceedingly pre-
 carious; yet have I already seen it in part
 verified by some Examples, and who knows
 but they may spread?

My Adventure with Madam de Saintree had already humbled my Coxcombry, but the Reflexions that de Kersey induced me to make radically, cured me. I began to suspect that my high Reputation was not so generally established as I supposed it; that the Foundations of it were very frail; that Successes in Gallantry did not authenticate a Merit to which the Public was obliged to subscribe; that Sentiment had rarely any thing to say in the Commerce of Women; and that it was a great deal more found, what is commonly called Pleasure in it. I resolved then to look for nothing further; and so far was I from drawing any Vanity from the Conquests I might make, that I even set myself to conceal them, and to beg Secrecy of those Women who might omit, or forget to exact it from me. Thus at length I came to be sensible that the Admiration I had flattered myself I was in, had no Existence but in such Wrongheads as my own; and that I had nothing better to do than to take pains to lose this Sort of Reputation, that I might be in pass to acquire an entirely different one.

As my Adventures passed under my Review, I could not help recalling the mortifying

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tifying Part I had often seen played by Men estimable in many other Respects, who after also having been in Fashion, and as much spoil'd as myself still was, had fallen into Contempt, for want of having made a timely Retreat out of a Course of Life, pardonable through nothing but the Privilege of Youth. Of these I saw every day some sacrificed to such giddy young Fellows as myself, or exposed to the Caprices, to the open Infidelities of Women, whom they loved, because they must love Somebody; and to whom they were obliged to pass them over, or were but too happy if they could feign Ignorance of them. I remarked that the Habit of Pleasures may subsist, and become a Necessity, though the Taste for them may be worn out. In Consequence of these Reflexions, I resolved not to expose myself to share one Day a Fate I took to be so degrading, nor to become one of those old and stale Agreeables, of whom the Disgraces in Love are despicable, and their Successes ridiculous.

I was precisely then in the Position of being able to forsake, with Honour, this Life of Dissipation. Those who have never given any Scandal to the Public, are in less

less Consideration with it than those who can of themselves timely renounce a Habit of subscribing to it. Nothing yet imposed on me the Necessity of such a Retreat, and it was that Consciousness which doubtless determined me. I confess ingenuously too, that I had no great Violence to use with myself on this Occasion.

Though my Life appeared a Chain of Pleasures, I tasted few, because they were, as one may say, grown to be the Business of it, and of Course a Drudgery. No Adventure now brought with it wherewith to pique my Taste, unless attended with some Singularity; and those of this Sort are very rare. Love may suffice to employ fully the Heart, and needs no Variety: A Continuity of Sentiment augments the Charm of it; but merely Pleasure perishes of Uniformity, and I was carried away by nothing more than what is so vulgarly called Pleasures.

It is not that I had not suffered Refusals; I could enumerate as many of them as of my Successes. I have even experienced some of those Mortifications at Court; but for the most part I met with them in middle Life, amongst that order of Women, who

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had not received that polite Education which makes them look upon Virtue as a Prejudice, and Duty as a Weakness.

Contempt of Duties, and the Ignorance of them, produce the same Effect: The first proceeds from a false Education, the other from a total Want of it. Thence it is that one finds amongst Persons of the highest Rank the same Manners as in the lowest Life; but there is a middle Class in Society, in which they enjoy no Right to Misconduct or Scandal, and in which they must blush to dishonour themselves. Their Education leaves Traces in their Minds which the Passions cannot but with Difficulty obliterate. When a Woman of this Condition gives Way, she yields to a Passion long conflicted with; she surrenders with Regret, and still preserves some Remorse: For her it is that one may pronounce, there are unhappy Moments, little of Pleasures, and less yet of Tranquillity. Amongst these, I had sometimes occasion to learn that a Woman who had refused me with the most Indifference, had nevertheless admitted another Lover. If I had the Curiosity to know who he was, I was surprized to find him, one whose all of merit was an amiable Figure, Youth, and Discretion;

Discretion; but who for the rest was one of those, for whom that Phrase of *Nobody knows* seems to have been made. I own I then felt as much of Compassion, or Contempt, as of Resentment. I nevertheless observed an inviolable Secrecy, with Respect to the Refusal I had sustained. Nothing could have made me betray it; which is a Proof that Indiscretion does not totally proceed from a Levity of Character. I did not, in the like Case, always practise the same Discretion, with respect to a Woman in high Life; because then I imagined I pinned a Ridicule upon her, by divulging it.

Most of the women with whom I had been well, I had owed to Fancies often confessed for such on both Sides, without Delicacy, and even without Dissimulation.

Some had wanted to make me believe, that they had a love for me; and these had never but one and the same Sort of Proof to give me of it, till that Proof was worn out enough, for us quietly to quit one another.

Others, more nice, had endeavoured to persuade me that their Complaisance for then to

what

what I pressed them to, proceeded purely from the Force of their Friendship for me. Unluckily the Term of Friendship may be equally employed in the Service of true or false Modesty.

After my breaking off with them, I had however no room for suspecting that any of the above Divisions could have loved me, but from their as outrageous railing against me, as if they had been capable of a Love-Resentment. I thought this Proceedure sovereignly unjust, and often took the liberty to represent to them, that we had not acquired the Right of hating one another; and I have sometimes had the Precaution to stipulate to the contrary, before I would engage.

I do not however herein include the small Number of those whose Conduct would never have been out of rule, if they had not unhappily had a tender Heart, and too lively Sensations. Their Frankness in loving, the Remorse it occasions them, the Reproaches they make to themselves, the Shame they sometimes show for it, all depose that they had Virtue, and that they had betrayed it: thus what contributes to their decay, ought rather to procure them

them compassion: But the Remorse of a Woman, bashful in her Errors, encourages mean Spirits to insult her. There are Women who stick in a Plunge of Humiliation, purely for the Want of some Vices more, to flounce out of it; these are the most exposed to the cruel Raileries of those Women, who constitutionally and bravely tranquil in the Midst of their Disorders, have not even the Excuse of Pleasure for them, though they hunt assiduously for it, and even inspire without feeling it themselves: One would think they run over every Degree of Licentiousness with nothing but Disgust, and through a cool Curiosity which they never can arrive at satisfying.

My Design is not here to review all the Women with whom I have had Intimacies, Numbers of whom seemed to have forgot them themselves, and some of them I myself should have been puzzled to remember: I have only meant to speak of those with whom my Connexions have contained any notable Singularity, and I ought not to omit one for whom I had contracted a great Liking, but whose Commerce was too tempestuous to be supportable.

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A taking Figure, an Impetuosity of Character, a Rectitude of Heart, and an over-heated Imagination, in these you have *Madam de Remicourt*.

It was not easy to judge whether her Sentiments came from her Ideas, or whether her Thoughts were the Works of her Sentiments. The Connexion that took place between us, was not such an one as arises insensibly from Inclination, is prepared by Degrees, and forms itself with Time. In one and the same Instant we found ourselves struck with the violentest Taste for one another: She thought she found in me a singular Conformity of Character with her own, and whether so or not, or that these Sort of Imaginations are contagious, I was soon as persuaded of it as herself.

As our Intoxication was equal, I told her, that we ought to leave to cold Imaginations, to vulgar Lovers the injurious Prudence of a previous reciprocal Probation; that a prompt Reliance ought to warrant the Sincerity of our Hearts; that the sole Method of preventing the Indiscretions, which the Violence of a Passion

under

under Constraint makes one commit, was to plunge immediately into it with mutual Frankness; that it was even the only Sort of Prudence that became our Character.

If Madam *de Remicourt* had had no other than a plain, ordinary, common Sense, she would not have found this reasoning over plausible, but those lively Imaginations are apt to take all extraordinary Motives for the strongest Reasons: It is not so easy to persuade them by consequential Argument, because their Understanding is incapable of Method.

Her Passion, or rather her Taste for me became extream; I was in her Eyes the most admirable of Men, and nothing came near my Merit; I sometimes thought her Praises so excessive, that I begged of her, not to judge of me with so immoderately favourable a Prejudice, because I could never justify her Opinion, and she would perhaps end in Time with a Reduction of me in it beneath my real Worth, which could not but be disagreeable. At this she protested loudly against my Injustice, accused me of an Excess of Modesty, and pretended that I had no other

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that I deserved: I thought however, I had no Reproach to make myself upon that Article, and she certainly must have been very difficult in her Sense of Self-Love. Her Conduct in respect to me was a Sort of formal Worship, a Degree of fanatick Devotion, an Enthusiasm; her Attentions for me were filled up with Delicacies, Refinements, Scruples, even to Superstition: This was always flattering, sometimes incommodious; but at length it became tyrannical.

I suppose this violent Fervour of her's remitted, for she began to find that mine did not come up to it. However, whether out of Gratitude, or whether I had adopted her Ideas, I never before had employed such exquisite Attentions as I had for her; but that did not suffice, and our Commerce soon came to be nothing but a Vicissitude of Delicacies, of Reproaches, of Misses, and Reconciliations, insomuch that from Refinement to Refinement, we came to be one another's Torture: This often proceeded so far as to Projects of Rupture. We began at length to suspect that we were not so fit for one another as we had taken ourselves to be, and that

might perhaps be because we resembled one another too much.

Things at last came to such a Point, that once after a sharp Expostulation, we ingenuously agreed that we could live no longer together, and that it was expedient for us to cease from seeing if we would continue to esteem, or perhaps love, otherwise we ran the Risk of ending with hating, one another. We mutually swore to an eternal Separation with as great Solemnity of Protestations and Oaths, as we had formerly employed to swear immortal Love: *Madam de Remicourt* returned me my Letters, and I went from her, to send her back her's.

I had never found myself so happy. I felt myself relieved, lightened of a Load that oppressed me, and I breathed again like a Man just come out of Slavery.

I came home; I took her Letters, but before sending them back, it came into my head to read them, and I began with the first. I did not proceed far in them, before I found myself melted to Tenderness; I went on, and my Emotion grew an Enfranchisement: I had not the Force to make

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an End of them; I saw no longer before me any Thing but the Excess of Love which *Madam de Remicourt* had had for me. I concluded from thence, that it was impossible she could have ceased to love me, and that I should be the most ungrateful of Men, if I did not fly to ask her a thousand Pardons: I went immediately to her,

The less the Step I was taking was expected, the more it was likely to affect *Madam de Remicourt*; She received me with incredible Transports; I wanted to ask her Forgiveness, and she would absolutely take all the Wrong upon herself: Never was a Reconciliation more animated; and we passed several Days in a State as delicious as any we had ever known.

Our Felicity was not long lived; the Storms began again, and we parted this Time for good. I remember, that before I now returned her Letters, I read over the last, that is to say, those I had not read at the Time of the first Quarrel I mentioned, because the first had been sufficient to bring me back to her. If I had on that Day finished their Perusal, I had

not

not been tempted to renew with her; I should have seen that if the first were full of Transports, the last only breathed a Remission of Fervor: They were mere Rhapsodies of all the common Places of Gallantry, employed to cover a growing Coolness, and which are the Proofs of it.

Madam de Remicourt is the only Woman for whom I preserved a Regret mixed with Compassion: She was in that Rank of Life in which they consider themselves as Women of Quality, but whom those of the Court never take for any Thing more than Citizens. I have afterwards met her in Life, and even seen her with Friendship: She has assured me, that since her breaking off with me, she had observed the strictest Regularity of Conduct without being able in the Companies she kept, to wipe off the Impression they had of her past Life; that they no longer gave her the same Reception; that they even seemed inclined to drop her, and that her Life was a very melancholic one.

How many Women are there of the middle Rank who lose themselves irrecoverably, for the sake of having rather the Ridicule than the Pleasure of sharing the Fol-

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lies of high Life? A City-Lady, for example, after having appeared on the Lists of Persons of Fashion, has no Means left to restore her Reputation, as if she had not gone out of her Class. Her Equals exclaim against her, yet more out of a Sense of Jealousy than of Honour; and the Women of Quality would be glad to punish her for having had the Insolence to live like them, and set up a Competition to their Prejudice. A notorious false Step in a City Lady, and an Act of Cowardice in a military Man, are such Blots as there is no retrieving; whereas Gallantry is often, in a more elevated Rank, nothing more than a Forerunner of Devotion, and of the Respect which follows it.

I think that Madam *de Remicourt* has since betaken herself to Devotion, and with her Temper she must be as tormented, and as miserable in it, as in Love.

Without insisting longer on a Detail of my Mis-guidances, I return to the Project I had formed of embracing a properer Way of Life. Fashion, and the Contagion of the Times, had engaged me in the Career of Coxcombray. I had afterwards introduced into it a Sort of Design, of Method, and

and of System; all which I now resolved to employ to get out of it, and create myself a new Existence.

One would hardly imagine, what yet is true, that one is not always free to abjure one's Folly with a high Hand, which passes for a ridiculous Ostentation with a certain Part of the Publick. They have imagined a Sort of Decency in not renouncing one's wrongheaded Habits too abruptly: One must veer round to Reason by Degrees. In this Sense of Things, I began to employ myself seriously in the Concerns of my Fortune, to apply myself to the Duties of my Post in the Army, and to break out at length of that impetuous Whirl that hurried me round to all the Objects, except those which ought to have fixed me.

I had more than once remarked, that the Army-Service in *France* is the Profession the most honoured, the most followed, and the least brought to Perfection. It will always be that of the Nobility, because it is it's Origin, because the Founders of the Monarchy were Conquerors, and the Constitution of the State is Military. This Profession is exercised with Honour, rarely with Application, and almost never as an

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Object of Study. Most of those who give themselves up to it with the most Ardour, never suspect that War exacts any thing but Courage, and believe that having grown old, is Experience.

The Subalterns roll from Garrison to Garrison, where Idleness constitutes their Existence: They know the Detail of the Regiment in which they serve, and never once think that there is such a Thing as the Art of War. Those whom their Birth has placed in the higher Posts, have no more Idea of it, and make their Pleasures the Expletive of their Idleness. So that all that Valour which is natural to the Nation, would be often useless, and sometimes pernicious to it, if from time to time there did not spring up some happy Geniuses, who are born with the Talent, and acquire the Art of employing so many Arms and so much Courage, for the Defence and Glory of the State.

These Reflections occurred to me in the better Time, for that the Season of opening the Campaign was drawing near. I joined my Regiment sooner than ordinary. It is well enough known, that there is no Colonel that is not sincerely persuaded that

his own Regiment is the best composed of any in the Army, the Exercise the best performed, the Discipline the exactest, and Subordination the best established in it, and especially, that all this fine Order is owing to his Care and Management.

I was more than any one in this Opinion; and certain it is, that nobody had more than me been the Model of his Regiment. I used to applaud myself for it; but when I returned to it with the Spirit of Duty, I was surprized at the little Discipline I found there: Courage was the only military Quality that showed itself with Distinction.

As I had now got into the Disposition and Train of making Reflections, I was not long at perceiving that I was the principal Author of all the Disorder that struck me. All even down to the lowest Subalterns were my Imitators, and had copied me so faithfully, that they were all Men of Gaiety and Pleasure; scarce one of them was an Officer; but then indeed, there were none of them but were qualified for fine Gentlemen as the World goes; most of them, like their Model, would have been full of Airs at Court, impertinent

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Town, and insupportable every where to Men of Sense.

I had had too great a Share in all the Irregularity that now hurt me, to have a Right of magisterially reprovng it; I resolved then to extirpate this Grievance in the Way I had given rise to it; that is to say, by my Example.

After having allowed the first Days to the Pleasure of seeing myself amongst my Comrades again, I applied myself to gain their Confidence, with Regard to our Duties, as I had had it with Regard to Pleasures.

I told them that I greatly desired that henceforward there should be more Application to the Service than I found there was, that I requested it in Friendship, and that it was the greatest Mark they could give me of theirs. They answered me satisfactorily enough; but probably they took it from me as nothing more than a Caprice of Reason that was not to have the Privilege of lasting longer with me than any other, for I did not perceive that my Exhortations produced much Effect. I complained to them of it with Dryness,

and finding that operated nothing, I spoke with Harshness, and addressing myself to one of the principal Officers, I treated him publickly with rather too violent an Haughtiness: I thought the Example would be the more striking, as he was the Officer the most esteemed of the whole Corps.

This was doubtless what engaged me to single him out preferable to any, to make the more Impression upon the rest: I ought however to have considered that this Officer, who was of an obscure Birth, had not risen but through a Conduct equal to his Courage, that I had done him Services, and that if these impose Obligations of Gratitude on those who receive them, they also exact Delicacy from those who confer them. I had exhausted the Chapter of Aims, I began even to have Sentiments, but I was yet ignorant of social Deferences.

I was not long before I made these Reflections, and was angry with myself for my Impetuosity. I would then have made a publick Excuse to this Officer, if I had not been afraid of nipping thereby, in the Bud, my Project of re-establishing Subordination.

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dination. But I resolved to repair by Dint of Distinctions, the Mortification I might have occasioned to a worthy Man.

I was in these Dispositions, when the ensuing Morning he came to me: ‘ You cannot,’ said he to me, ‘ be a Stranger to the Motives of my waiting upon you. Do not however, imagine I take this Step without Repugnance: I have Obligations to you, I would sacrifice my Life for you, but I ought not to sacrifice my Honour, and that you have wounded. I know the Distance there is between you and me; more Equality would render me less sensible: Some indeed of my Comrades might in their Birth and Fortune find wherewith to indemnify their Acquiescence; but for me, who have neither Birth nor Fortune, and who have no Existence but in my Honour, I am not at Liberty to be insensible to it.’

My first Emotion was that of Indignation, that a Subaltern should have a Right to demand Satisfaction of his Superior for an Offence, let it be what it would, of which the Service might have been the Occasion. Subordination is doubtless not regulated amongst us as it should be, and I was on

the Point of treating him with yet more Haughtiness than I had done; but as there are in our Manners certain delicate Points, in which it would have been dangerous for a Man of my Age to listen to Reason in Contempt of Prejudice, I answered this Officer coldly, that I was ready to give him Satisfaction: I dressed myself that Instant; we went out together, and fought in a Place of Privacy. The Combat was not long, I was dangerously wounded and fell; he ran immediately to procure me what Assistance I wanted, and had me brought Home.

I did not doubt but he would immediately fly for it, and my first Care was to make a Sign to him to draw near me. He did so with all the Marks of Despair on his Countenance: I whispered to him, that I ordered him not to absent himself, which would only furnish Proofs against him, and that he might remain secure in my Discretion. Upon this he stayed by me, but his Obedience visibly stood him dear in Remorse; he seemed torn to Pieces with it, and the Excess of his Sorrow would alone have been enough to discover the Truth, which by the by was a Secret to nobody.

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It is upon these Occasions that one says nothing, because one knows every Thing.

I was for several Days in the greatest Danger, and it was not yet over, when the Count *de Canaples* was introduced to me : I was equally moved and confused at his Kindness for Reasons I shall take Notice of in course.

He was with Madam *de Canaples* at one of his Country-seats some Miles distant from the Town, in which my Regiment was then quartered, and upon the News of my Adventure, he was come to see me and take me Home with him, where he judged I could be more conveniently lodged till I should be recovered, than in a Garison Town.

Scarce was I in a Condition to bear the Removal, when he gave his Orders for it without consulting me, and told me with the Authority he derived from his Age and Friendship, that I must go with him. I rather then suffered myself to be conducted than I consented to it; I did not myself know what were my Dispositions : The Fund of Tenderness which I had preserved for Madam *de Canaples* instilled a secret Sa-

tisfaction into my Soul ; but the Respect I owed her, the Neglect I had shewn her for several Years, made me blush inwardly to appear before a Woman in regard to whom I had contracted those Wrongs that offend the Sentiment, and of which she must have the quicker Sense, as she had too much Pride to reproach me with them, and that she had made it to herself a Point of Duty to forget the Motive of them.

And indeed ever since I had plunged into a Torrent of Dissipation, the House of the Count *de Canaples* was the House in which I was the most rarely seen ; I resorted to it no more but out of Duty, and where one comes to make no Visits but of that Sort, one soon falls off to the not making even so many as Duty exacts.

I did not doubt but that the Countess had remarked it, and I did not hold myself so cheap as to imagine she had remarked it with Indifference. As to the Count *de Canaples* he was the most essential of Men himself, the least a Dealer in Ceremony, and who exacted the least of it from others : He loved me, he had done me Services, and that was enough for him to reckon upon my Friendship and my Gratitude.

itude. As to any Thing else he took very little Care whether I paid him any Court or not. He placed my Absence to the Account of my Pleasures which he looked upon as an Excuse, and as the Privilege of my Age.

Madam *de Canaples* received me with all the Marks of the most tender Friendship: She had for me all possible Attentions, and such as she could not have exceeded in towards the dearest Lover, or the dearest Son. The dormant Sentiments I had never lost, and which so easily awaken towards the Object of one's first Love, soon revived afresh in my Heart. I judged that she had never ceased loving me, that my Dissipations so far from having cured her, had only irritated her Passion, that I had had too much Impatience, and that if I had persevered some Time in my Designs upon her, I should have accomplished my Triumph over her. Thence I concluded that my Happiness had been no more than deferred, and for being so, was only the surer. I was no longer, as before, that timid, modest Youth, presuming little on himself, and whose Desires were to be restrained by Respect, or by his own Virtue.

I was indeed fixed enough in my Resolution to lay down the despicable Character of the Man of Gallantry, in which, for some Years, I had led the Fashion, and blazed away with such a dazzling Scandal; but I had no Thoughts of renouncing my Pleasures. On the contrary, I imagined that a worthy Attachment was the most suitable to the new Plan of Life I was projecting.

Full of these Ideas, I resolved upon explaining, and renewing with Madam de Canaples; for I saw not the least Difficulty in it. I believed myself so sure of her Heart, I was so persuaded of the Satisfaction that my Return to her would give her, that I thought I ought, merely out of Generosity, to ask her Pardon for my Crimes, by way, at least, of salving her Pride.

The Image I prefigured to myself of the delicious Life I was going to lead, soon restored me to my Health; and as it was no difficult Matter to find an Occasion of seeing Madam de Canaples alone, I told her one Day, that I was much ashamed of having had so little Sense of the Happiness of her liking me, and of having preferred
to

to the Blessing of living with her, those vain Amusements to which I had delivered myself up ; that my Remorse for it was I was going to continue, and exhale myself in the warmest Protestations, but I was so surprized to see *Madam de Canaples* look upon me with an awful Haughtiness, that I had not the Assurance to go on. She did not even give me the Liberty of it, for she left me that Moment, and that without vouchsafing me any other Answer than casting an Eye upon me of the utmost Sternness and Disdain.

Let any one figure to himself a Man, full of Presumption, spoil'd, intimately convinced of his own Merit, and who sees himself humbled by one to whom he believed he was going graciously to show Mercy ! I was stunned with my Reception, yet was it not my Vanity that suffered the most : I felt more Sorrow than Shame, because I had as much Love as Respect for *Madam de Canaples*.

As soon as I recovered myself, I fell into a Number of Reflexions on the ill Success of my Step ; I tried to penetrate whether I ought absolutely to renounce all Hope, and

I remained under this Undecision without being able to take any Resolution.

From that Instant however, Madam *de Canaples*, took care to give me no Opportunity of finding her alone, and instead of the Friendliness, with which she used to treat me before the World, she now confined herself to Politeness, and I saw that nothing but Prudence hinder'd her from carrying it the Length of Disdain.

I conceived then that I ought to renounce my Pretensions, but as I could not bear to think of renouncing either her Friendship or Esteem, I fought for nothing now but to express to her my Repentance of having displeased her; I flattered myself with proving it to her by my Conduct, but as I was soon to set out for the Army with Count *de Canaples*, I did not think the short Time I was to stay at her House, would be sufficient for Madam *de Canaples* to be able to perceive in my Conduct alone the Dispositions I was in with regard to her, so that I determined to speak to her, whatever Precaution she might take against it.

Two Days after, upon seeing her going alone into her Park, I followed her, with-

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out her observing it, and I suffered her to
 engage her Walk far enough in it, for her
 not to have Time to return so quickly to
 the Castle, as that I should not be able
 first to explain with her. I took my Mea-
 sures so well, that I traversed upon her,
 just at the End of one of the Walks. As
 soon as she discovered me, she turned off
 to avoid me. 'Madam,' said I, following
 her, 'vouchsafe me a hearing.' Upon this,
 finding that she could not escape me, she
 stopped, and looking at me with an angry
 Haughtiness, 'I think it pretty extraor-
 dinary,' said she, 'that I am not at
 liberty in my own House, and that you
 should dare to follow me without my
 Leave?' 'I am persuaded,' said I, 'Ma-
 dam, that the Motive of my Rashness
 will obtain me your Pardon of it. I have
 had the Misfortune to offend you; I am
 sufficiently punished by my Repentance,
 but I should be too severely so, were you
 to be ignorant of it. I could not have
 the Courage to go, without acquainting
 you with it; I should be too unhappy, if
 whilst I renounce the dearest Sentiments
 of my Heart, I could not preserve some
 Right at least to your Compassion, to
 your Esteem, and if I durst say it, to
 your Friendship. I promise you that you
 shall

' shall never have Reason to regret the
 ' Forgiveness I entreat of you, and that
 ' whatever my Sentiments may be, you
 ' never shall have any Reproaches to make
 ' me upon them.' ' Neither will I make
 ' you any,' replied the Countess, ' since
 ' you acknowledge your Fault ; I forget
 ' it from this Instant. Let us say no more
 ' of it ; and be assured that, upon that
 ' Condition, you shall never have a bet-
 ' ter Friend than myself.'

The Gentleness of her Answer having
 re-inspired me ; ' Will you permit me,'
 said I, ' Madam, to ask you for what
 ' Reason you have observed towards me
 ' two such different Manners of Behaviour
 ' upon the same Subject ? when some
 ' Years ago, I durst declare to you the
 ' Impression you had made upon my Heart ;
 ' you forbid me, I confess, all Hopes,
 ' but you spoke to me, at least, with some
 ' Concern ; your Goodness engaged you
 ' to try to comfort me for the severe Law
 ' which your Virtue prescribed to me.
 ' What have I done since, more than
 ' declaring to you those Sentiments which
 ' their Constancy has rather rendered more
 ' excusable ? yet, instead of Compassion
 ' for them, with what Scorn have you not

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' received my Profession of them? Am I be-
 ' come contemptible in your Eyes? Par-
 ' don me, Madam, if I dare recall to you
 ' your former Goodness, and if I beg of you
 ' to clear up this Point to me. If the least
 ' Doubt remained with you, upon an Ar-
 ' ticle so important to me, how could
 ' I flatter myself with preserving your
 ' Friendship, and consequently the Esteem
 ' to which you permit me to pretend?

' Though the Question you put to me,'
 said Madam de Canaples, ' already amounts
 ' almost to a Breach of the Promise you
 ' have just made me, not to recall the past
 ' to me, I depend enough upon your
 ' Word for the future, not to deny you
 ' the Explanation you desire upon a Sub-
 ' ject which must never again be called up
 ' between us.

' If I received, with a Sort of Indul-
 ' gence, that Declaration, which, as you
 ' term it, you durst make me some Years
 ' ago, that Indulgence was owing precisely
 ' to your not having dared to make it.
 ' Not Rashness, not Self-conceit, and less
 ' yet was it Hope that guided you; you
 ' yielded to a Sentiment unknown to your-
 ' self, to an involuntary Emotion. A Sur-
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' prise, in which we both partook, added
 ' she blushing, made us obey an Impres-
 ' sion, of which the Effect alone unveiled
 ' to us the Principle. But at present, that
 ' your Acquaintance with the World has
 ' instructed, and perhaps perverted you,
 ' at present, that you know your Duties,
 ' and ought to respect mine; the Profes-
 ' sion of your Sentiments, which might be
 ' innocent in their Birth, and perhaps
 ' flattering for me, had my Condition
 ' permitted it, could be now no better than
 ' an injurious Affront, that would render
 ' you criminal and contemptible in my
 ' Eyes. Is it possible for you to forget,
 ' without blushing, what you owe to me,
 ' to the Count *de Canaples*, to his Good-
 ' ness, to his Confidence, I go further,
 ' to the Mistake he is in about you, which
 ' would render you more guilty than if
 ' you was suspected by him?

Though the Discourse, or at least the
 Design of *Madam de Canaples* in it, did
 not tend to inspire me with Hope, per-
 haps some Glimpse of it stole into my
 Heart, for I sought to prolong the Con-
 versation. It was at least a Satisfaction but to
 talk to her of my Passion, and though one
 was to be sure of no Return, it is already

a Favour to entertain the Person one loves with it. I was then going to answer, when Madam *de Canaples* imposed Silence on me. 'Break we off here,' said she, 'perhaps here has already been too much said; remember your Word of Honour, and let this be the last of it forever.' We were now near the Castle, and she went in, I following her without daring to reply to her, and we rejoined the Company.

From that very Moment I was more than ever taken up with the Thought of Madam *de Canaples*, but I never attempted to speak to her again of my Sentiments; I should have been sorry or perplexed to have found myself alone with her, in the Fear of angering her with my Speeches, or of rendering myself suspected by the Manner in which I should have kept Silence. I confined myself to the loving her in Secret, to the proving her my Respect and Submission, without examining what might be the Fruit of my Perseverance.

The Manner in which I lived with Madam *de Canaples* was an hard enough Constraint, yet I quitted it with an infinite Regret, when obliged to set out for the Army with the Count *de Canaples*.

I served almost all the Campaign under his Orders, and as he did not love writing, he entrusted me to answer for him all the Letters he received from his Wife; I acquitted myself of this Commission with the most lively Pleasure, but with as much Simplicity as any ordinary Secretary might have done; I hardly allowed myself to mention my Respect to her, so fearful was I of mixing with it other Sentiments which she had forbid me to recall to her. The Count *de Canaples* had not the least Share of Influence in this Discretion of mine, for he did not so much as give himself the Trouble of reading what I wrote; but he soon remarked that his Wife made in her Letters not the least Mention of me; he seemed to resent it for me, and desired me to reproach her, for him, with it in the first Letter. I had myself taken Notice of this Omission as well, but had not been so piqued at it as he was; I knew that Lady was incapable of such an Unpoliteness; she had allowed me to depend upon her Friendship, so that her Procedure could neither spring from Disdain nor Indifference: I concluded then from thence, that she only avoided writing about me in the Fear of expressing too great a Concern for me. I

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saw, in short, what she wanted to conceal from me, and saw it through the very Precaution she took to conceal it from me: The Precautions of honest Minds are almost always Indiscretions.

I took Care however not to make her any of the Reproaches which the Count *de Canaples* had desired of me; but when I presented him with the Answer I had made, he asked me, if I had taken his Wife to Task as she deserved. 'I think I have,' said I carelessly. 'I am glad of it,' said he, 'let us see a little how you have treated her.' With this he took the Letter and read it. 'What the Devil!' said he, after perusing it, 'here is not a Word about it. Here is fine standing upon Ceremony with her; however it shall not go off so, I will add myself what is wanting to this Epistle.' He took the Pen, and wrote to Madam *de Canaples*, that she did not deserve the Attachment I had for her by the Indifference she showed for me; that he had all imaginable Obligations to me; that I was become necessary to him; that he could not too much praise my Friendship, nor give me Marks enough of his; that he was under a Necessity of making her these Reproaches himself because she deserved,

and

and I refused my Hand them. He ended with exhorting her to love me a little more than she did.

I am ignorant of what her Answer to this would have been, for she had not the Time to make one, as almost upon the Neck of it she received too concernful a Piece of News to be taken up with any Thing else. We were at the Eve of a Battle, and had not judged proper to say any Thing of it to Madam *de Canaples*, that we might spare her the Alarms about it. And indeed there was the next Day a very warm Action in which the Count *de Canaples* and I were wounded.

Madam *de Canaples* was informed at the same Time as the Public, of the News of the Battle, and her Husband was too considerable an Officer not to be named in the public Papers: There she saw him in the List of the wounded, and receiving no particular Letter to calm her Fears, she set out, and in a few Days after us arrived at the Town to which we had been removed.

The Condition in which she found the Count *de Canaples* penetrated her with the sharpest Affliction. His Wound that, at first,

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first, had not appeared dangerous, was grown so, to a Degree that there were no Hopes for him : The Count himself was sensible of it; he expressed to his Wife how much he was obliged to her for her affectionate hurrying to see him, requested her Friendship for me, desired her to make me his last Adieus, to give me all the Assistance I might want, and expired in her Arms.

I was not a Witness to this mournful Scene, though I was in the same House : My Wound confined me sore against my Will to my Bed ; but in my Life I never experienced a more severe or sincerer Grief than for the Death of the Count *de Canaples*. I had no feeling then but for the Loss of my Friend, and in Madam *de Canaples* I considered nothing but a Woman to whom the Memory of her Husband deserved to be dear. It seemed as if the Love I had for her was suspended in my Heart, that it might leave it entire to Friendship.

Madam *de Canaples* had, at her Arrival, made me no more than one Visit, after having seen her Husband ; and from that Moment, to that of his Death, she had not
quitted

quitted his Bedside. But now so afflicting an Object not permitting her to stay longer in his Apartment, she passed into mine. We joined in our Tears, and it was only by sharing her Grief, that I tried to comfort her. She acquainted me with the last Sentiments of the Count *de Canaples*, and expressed to me how sorry she was that her Situation, and that Decency, did not allow of taking herself the Care of me I might need, and the same Day set out again for her Seat in the Country.

She was scarce gone, when the Count *de Canaples's* Will was put into my Hands, in which he named me his Executor; and having none but very distant Relations, he left all his Estate in general to his Wife. I wrote to her that Instant to inform her of it, and withal, that as soon as I was in a Condition to bear the Journey, I would wait upon her, and give her an Account of her Affairs. Accordingly I went to her about a Month afterwards. It did not at all appear to me, that the affluent Fortune, of which she now saw herself the Mistress, had diminished her Sense of the Loss she had sustained. But if she was so little affected with the Splendour of her Circumstances, several about the Court, who had

Views

Views of Establishment, had not the same Indifference to it. Madam *de Canaples* had, in her own Person, a Merit sufficient to pretend to every thing; and the new Advantages she held from Fortune made her, that few had a Right to aspire to her. Handsome, still young, for she was scarce two and thity, powerfully rich, and enjoying that Esteem, which a good Conduct, when constantly supported, always procures to a Woman of Virtue, she was addressed by all who could offer themselves without Presumption, and there was not one to whom she did not peremptorily forbid all Hope; insomuch, that they soon looked upon her as a Woman determined to enjoy tranquilly her Opulence, in the Independence of Widowhood; and I believed it like the rest.

I had never been so much in love with her as I now was, because I had never known her so thoroughly; and yet I durst less speak to her of it than before. The Rank and State of those whom she had refused were not likely to give me much Hope for myself: And there would have been yet more Presumption and Offence in daring to mention my Passion to her, without owning at the same time, that I durst aspire to an Alliance with her. I restrained myself

myself then to my Endeavours to become more and more pleasing to her, without carrying my Views further.

There had already elapsed a reasonable Time that I had lived with her, and as it would not have been decent for me to pass as it were my Life with her, without the Pretext of Affairs, I had not hastened the Conclusion of them. We were ready to open the Campaign again, and I should have been glad before I set out for it, to be less uncertain than I was about my Fate. *Madam de Canaples* herself furnished me the Opportunity of it.

I had had the Discretion not to say a Word to her upon the different Proposals of Marriage which had been made to her, when she herself made me the Confidence of them. 'I have not been surprized,' said she to me, 'that it should be supposed that my present Fortune should turn my Thoughts on some splendid Establishment; but neither would such an one procure me Happiness, or flatter my Vanity, perhaps too I have that of believing that I stand in need of none. However that may be, I propose to make quite another Use of the Count *de Canaples's* Ge-

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Paralle
VOL. II

' Generosity to me, an Use that shall be
 ' worthy of myself, and of the Respect
 ' which I preserve for his Memory. It is
 ' that Respect alone which has engaged me
 ' to accept the Bequeathal of his Estate.
 ' Though he had none but Relations too
 ' remote to expect, with any Certainty,
 ' his leaving it to them ; if they have had
 ' no Part in his Disposal of it, I will have
 ' them receive the same Advantages from
 ' it ; and as there is none nearer than
 ' yourself, or that he would prefer to you,
 ' I propose to contribute to your Advance-
 ' ment, to put you into a Condition of mar-
 ' rying some young Lady of a Birth equal
 ' to your own, and thus enable you to dis-
 ' pense with mis-allying yourself ; which
 ' is a Sacrifice always disagreeable to a
 ' Man of Quality, and for which he is
 ' rarely indemnified by the Consequences.

' Ah! Madam,' said I to her, ' can you
 in one Breath show me so much Good-
 ness and so much Rigour? You say, you
 propose to contribute to my Happiness,
 and you know there is but one Way to
 assure it to me. You are not ignorant
 that my first Sentiment was that of lov-
 ing you ; Time, Experience, and the
 Parallel of you with all other Women,
 Vol. II. I ' have

' have but strengthened it in my Heart.
 ' I durst, once and no more, re-mention it
 ' to you, when more carried away by my
 ' Passion, than animated with Hope ; but
 ' the Remorse of having offended you,
 ' my Respect for you and for the Count *de*
 ' *Canaples*, my Reflexions on the Friend-
 ' ship with which he honoured me, had
 ' made me since keep strictly silence, and
 ' even combat my Sentiments without Suc-
 ' cess. When we had the Misfortune to
 ' lose him, I felt, at the first, nothing but
 ' my Regrets and your Affliction ; but at
 ' length, as that Passion for you which
 ' never relaxed whilst he lived, is now
 ' become innocent, I have since that been
 ' only restrained by Decency. In offering
 ' myself to you, I should not have been
 ' afraid of being suspected of any Self-
 ' Interest, but of having too little consulted
 ' your's. The advantageous Matches which
 ' you have refused, and of which I was
 ' not ignorant, have made me see, with
 ' deep Concern, how unsuitable my
 ' Pretensions must be to you : But the
 ' Marks of your Goodness you are now
 ' pleased to give me, inspire me with the
 ' Confidence I needed. Dispencc then,
 ' Madam ! with my Acceptance, or fill
 ' up the Measure of it, by granting me
 ' your

‘ your Hand. I ought not to accept any thing but on that Condition.’

‘ How could you imagine,’ replied Madam *de Canaples*, ‘ that an Augmentation of my Fortune could render me more considerable in my own Eyes than I was before; and that if I had at one Time judged you worthy of my Choice, I should at another Time think differently, without other Reason than the Caprice of Chance? Believe me, I esteem myself enough not to make the Opinion I have of myself depend on Events. What then could now most offend me, is the Repugnance you express at receiving such slight Services from me. Your Delicacy might be well-placed with regard to any one but me : but the Offers I make you are but a natural Disposal, a fair and lawful Use of the Count *de Canaples*’s Fortune. And were it otherwise, if you esteem me as much as you say you do, you ought not to be afraid, nor think it any Humiliation to be obliged to me. Friendship does not less prove itself by the Favours we receive from a Friend, than by those one confers upon him. An Over-Delicacy in this Point is an injurious Diffidence, and one ought sometimes to

‘ sacrifice it to the Pleasure a Friend has
‘ in obliging one.’

‘ No, Madam,’ said I to her, ‘ I could
‘ never blush for being obliged to you:
‘ Any Concern you would please to take
‘ for my Welfare, could not but do me
‘ honour; but I expect yet greater Things
‘ from your Goodness. Why express any
‘ Care about merely my Fortune, when it
‘ is in your Power to give me Happiness?
‘ If any one has been so fortunate as to
‘ touch your Heart, mine will be pierc’d
‘ at it: I shall respect your Taste, and
‘ condemn myself to Silence. But if I
‘ may flatter myself with that not being the
‘ Case, let me have leave to recal to your
‘ Remembrance, that you once designed to
‘ own to me that your Heart was favoura-
‘ ble to me. If your Duty was once con-
‘ trary to me, it is so no longer; render
‘ me the happiest of Men, by uniting
‘ your Condition with mine.’

‘ As I have not to blush for my Senti-
‘ ments for you,’ answered Madam *de Ca-*
naples, ‘ I will not seek to dissemble them.
‘ You are the only one for whom I have
‘ had those which were due to none but
‘ the Count *de Canaples*, and which I
‘ should

' should have had for him, if Esteem and
 ' Endeavours were capable of begetting
 ' them. The little Connexion there has
 ' been between you and me, since I per-
 ' ceived my Taste for you, has hindered
 ' perhaps its becoming a Passion, which
 ' without making me criminal might have
 ' made me unhappy. Yet have you al-
 ' ways been dear to me, and the Sentiments
 ' of which I have contracted a Habit for
 ' you, will, without disturbing my Tran-
 ' quility, preserve me from the like Sen-
 ' sibility for any other. I give you all the
 ' Rights that Friendship can have, and
 ' shall be very much flattered with your's.

' You know I have always talked to
 ' you with Candour; I am now going to
 ' give you a fresh Proof of it: Though I
 ' am persuaded, that my Sentiments will
 ' be always the same, the Habit of living
 ' with you, and the Liberty of giving my-
 ' self up to them, might heighten them,
 ' but I know by Experience the Power
 ' that Duty has over me, and I am sure,
 ' that as soon as you shall have married a-
 ' nother, and that it will not be right for
 ' me to look upon you other than as a
 ' Friend; nothing will then be able to vi-
 ' tiate the Habit, the Innocence, and the

‘ Tranquility of my Friendship for you.
 ‘ Do not then let us think of an Engage-
 ‘ ment which would not make our Happi-
 ‘ ness, and in order to lose all Idea of it,
 ‘ let me prevail on you to comply with the
 ‘ Views of Establishment which I have
 ‘ proposed to you.’

‘ No, Madam,’ said I, ‘ I can think of no
 ‘ Engagement but with you; it must most
 ‘ certainly make my Happiness; upon
 ‘ what then do you judge it contrary to
 ‘ your’s?’ ‘ Upon the Disproportion,’ said
 she, ‘ of our Ages; though it may not ap-
 ‘ pear now so considerable, it will one Day
 ‘ become more so, or will be deemed such,
 ‘ which comes to the same Thing as to the
 ‘ Publick. The Advantages of Fortune
 ‘ which I mean to procure you, which I
 ‘ hold so cheap, but which the World
 ‘ holds so dear, would make me be looked
 ‘ upon as a silly Woman who could not
 ‘ resist the Weakness of purchasing the
 ‘ Complaisance of a young Man, at the
 ‘ Hazard of being one Day or another ex-
 ‘ posed to his Sights: Now I chuse that
 ‘ you should owe all to my Friendship.’

‘ What, Madam,’ replied I, ‘ you,
 ‘ whose Soul, whose Virtues have so little
 ‘ Affinity

‘ Affinity with the Ideas of the Vulgar,
 ‘ will you submit to be swayed by its Opi-
 ‘ nion only when it is contrary to my
 ‘ Happiness?’

‘ That Opinion,’ replied Madam de
Canaples, ‘ is but too much founded on
 ‘ Experience. I should besides have every
 ‘ Thing to fear from the Difference of our
 ‘ Tempers, from the Vivacity of your’s,
 ‘ from the Dissipation of which you have
 ‘ contracted the Habit, and perhaps the
 ‘ Necessity. All these Pleasures which
 ‘ you think you have worn out, either
 ‘ from the having enjoyed them, or pure-
 ‘ ly from the Facility of enjoying them,
 ‘ may have become necessary even whilst
 ‘ they are grown insipid to you. How
 ‘ great would be my Grief! if after flat-
 ‘ tering myself with being loved as con-
 ‘ stantly as I should believe I deserved it,
 ‘ and as I should love myself, I was to see
 ‘ you substitute to Sentiments, Proceed-
 ‘ ings so much the more cruel, in that
 ‘ they bar those Complaints of which they
 ‘ are the bitterest Motives. I understand per-
 ‘ fectly well that Sort of Respect with which
 ‘ certain perfidious Husbands treat their
 ‘ Wives, and from which they have the
 ‘ Effrontery and Baseness to take Honour

' to themselves. In these Times a Wife
 ' treated with Respect by her Husband,
 ' is but another Term for an unfortunate
 ' Woman too decent to complain of cer-
 ' tain Wrongs, and who respects herself
 ' enough to devour her Affliction in Si-
 ' lence : And indeed what would she gain
 ' by appealing to that natural Equity
 ' which is so different from human Prac-
 ' tice ? since the most unjust, the most
 ' authentically contemptible Husband of-
 ' ten finds nevertheless Protection in the
 ' Laws, and Approbation amongst Men :
 ' He must be scandalously in the Wrong
 ' indeed, before he passes for being so. I
 ' am willing to believe that you would be
 ' less unjust than others, but for me at
 ' least it is not fitting to put it to the Tri-
 ' al ; so Sir, I ought not to
 ' Do not I conjure you,' said I to her,
 ' make an End of your Speech ; let me
 ' nourish the Hope that you will one Day
 ' consent to crown my Wishes : The Idea
 ' of it will contribute to render me estima-
 ' ble, by the Endeavours I will employ to
 ' become worthy of you.'

Madam *de Canaples* smiled and said no-
 thing : From that Moment I applied my-
 self more and more to ingratiate myself
 with

with her, and without speaking positively to her of my Passion, I lived with her upon that Footing of Intimacy, which, without being that of Love, is much superior to simply that of Friendship. Nor did I ever more sensibly feel how greatly Virtue, Love, Respect, and Confidence contribute to make one happy.

There was however a Necessity of tearing myself away from Madam *de Canaples*, that I might join the Army. There I more than ever attached myself to my Duty, that I might dissipate the Tediouſness of being separated from her, and amuse my Impatience of seeing her again.

I was not long before I remarked that my Application to my Duty gained me Regard, but I perceived at the same Time with a Surprise, which I should not at this Time have, that the Esteem which one may merit, rarely goes without the Jealousy of Rivals in the Road of Fortune, and who occasionally turn one's Enemies upon it.

My past Follies had, whilst they procured me Censurers amongst the Men of Sense, engaged them sometimes to give me good

Advice. But scarce had I began to form to myself a reasonable Reputation, before I gave Umbrage to my Competitors; I was soon looked upon as one of a shrewd Ambition. The former Giddinesses of Conduct, which had narrowly missed ruining me, were now construed as the Effects of a long-headed Pre-concertal, and refined Policy. How often have I seen bestowed on the most laudable Behaviour Interpretations more dangerous than an open Accusation, which would furnish a Man with an Occasion to confound his Enemies? It is less cruel for a Man of Honour to be accused than suspected, and I should not dare to decide, whether the Ill one actually commits at Court, is not less prejudicial than that of which one may stand there falsely accused.

I was however very indifferent to what might be thought of me: Love shuts up the Heart to all other Sentiments. I had no other Pleasure than writing continually to *Madam de Canaples*. At first it was with a great deal of Circumspection; but whether my Sentiments became too vehement for me long to constrain them, or that Letters give more Courage, than Conversation does to a respectful Lover, I slid insensibly

fenfibly into a Liberty of mentioning my Paſſion to her, and ſoon I gave a Loofe to it without Reſerve. Madam *de Canaples* did not answer me in the ſame Strain, but made me no Reproaches for employing it, and I conſtrued to myſelf a Right of returning to her in the Character of a declared and admitted Lover. I languished for that Moment, and as ſoon as the Army broke up I ſet out.

Some Days before my Departure Madam *de Canaples* wrote to me, that upon knowing that there was in a Convent in the Country, a young Lady who was a Relation to the Count *de Canaples*, ſhe had taken her Home, that ſhe had thought herſelf obliged to it, by her Reſpect for the Memory of her Huſband, and by Humanity; that Miſs *de Foix*, for that was her Name, was an Orphan left with ſcarce wherewith to ſubſiſt, and ſo much the more to be pitied; for that the Circumſtance of being of a diſtinguiſhed Family, which may be a Reſource and the Means of Fortune to a Man, is an additional Miſfortune to a young Woman of Quality, whoſe Birth at the ſame Time that it ſets her above any Aſſiſtance of a certain Nature, places her beneath the Chance of a

suitable Alliance; nay, often such have not even the Choice of Matches, for which, when obtained, they would be obliged to blush.

Madam *Canaples* added, that what she had known of the Character of Miss *de Foix* since she had had her with her, made her well pleased with herself for the Step she had taken, and that she was persuaded I should give it my Approbation.

This Action of Madam *de Canaples* was of itself very laudable; but as she had no need of my Concurrence, I construed the Politeness which she showed me of desiring it, into a sort of Engagement on her Side, a genteel, obliging Manner of letting me know that she looked on our Interests as the same. I arrived then with a Certainty of the Happiness which I so ardently desired.

It was with the most sensible Pleasure I saw myself again with Madam *de Canaples*; and I had besides, that of observing that her Satisfaction was equal to mine. After having granted the first Moments to those Effusions of Heart, so necessary to it after its Sufferings by a long Absence, Madam

de

de Canaples ordered *Miss de Foix* to be acquainted with my Arrival, and presented me to her.

I was struck with her Figure: Never had I seen a nobler one, nor a Countenance which united in it at once so much Modesty, and so much Stateliness; and her Conversation appeared to me full of Decency and good Sense.

As nothing weakens a Right more than to appear to doubt of it, and that one often establishes it by stating it as certain, I resolved the very next Day after my Arrival to press *Madam de Canaples* to consent to come to a Conclusion with me. I spoke to her of it with as much Urgency as Respect, and I threw into my Request that Confidence which becomes none but those to whom the Liberty of hoping has been allowed. *Madam de Canaples* answered me much to the same Purpose as what she had told me before my Departure, but it was in the Tone of a Person who does not care to appear to have too lightly or too soon lost Sight of her Maxims, and who is not entirely averse to a Dissuasion from them. She added, that her Mourning being scarce over, there was no Decency in the Proposal.

I pressed her to embrace: In short, she employed none but those Reasons which leave one at Liberty to follow one's Inclinations. I conceived then that she would soon yield to my Importunities, and that I had now not long to wait. Instead of insisting further, I answered her rather in a Strain of Thanks, as if she had consented to what I had been proposing to her.

I passed a Month with her without a third in Company, except now and then Miss *de Foix*, who by breaking the Duet, brought no more Interruption than was rather agreeable than unwelcome to us. Madam *de Canaples* and I grew every Day to conceive a higher Esteem for her, in proportion as we knew her the more.

This Esteem became insensibly on my Side, and without my perceiving it, more tender than I ought to have suffered it. I had had at first for Miss *de Foix* no further Consideration than what was due to her Birth, nor other Respect than what was due to her Misfortunes; but soon a Sentiment more animated threw that Warmth into my Attentions which it is not for mere Generosity to inspire, and I thought

I remarked that she received them with a Sensibility which mere Gratitude does not suggest.

What I did not yet distinctly myself perceive, was soon felt by Madam *de Canaples*: She knew my Temper too well for my Sentiments to escape her Penetration. And to say the Truth, I was naturally impatient in my Desires, and if they had kept up to the same Degree of Warmth, I should have importuned Madam *de Canaples* to conclude our Marriage, and I should not have given over till she had either consented, or absolutely forbid me all Hope, which she had not done.

I had at first ingenuously taken my Conduct for a respectful Discretion; but Respect is very different from a growing Coolness: A Woman who is the Object of it, is never mistaken in it. The Reserve which I soon remarked that Madam *de Canaples* assumed, in her Manner of Behaviour to me, opened my Eyes. I examined myself with Attention, I sounded my Heart, I felt the Checks of Remorse, and could not dissemble to myself that I was in Love with Miss *de Foix*. I made myself all the just Reproaches, and I endeavoured to combat
my

my Inclination : But the Reproaches we make to ourselves, being an inward Attestation to ourselves that we have still some Virtue left, compleat our Loss of it, because all as they flatter our Self-Love, they hinder us from despising, even whilst we condemn, ourselves : Besides, as I began to flatter myself that I was not indifferent to Miss *de Foix*, I thought it a Sort of Injustice to betray the Sentiments with which I might have inspired her : Insensibly I found myself more unfortunate than guilty. We are but too apt to judge ourselves with partial Indulgence when we are justified by our Heart, and only accused by our Reason.

There was then but one Measure I could take, worthy of Madam *de Canaples*, worthy of myself, and that was to make her a sincere Confession of the State of my Heart, and beg of her to pronounce upon my Fate.

This Measure Honour indeed prescribed to me, but how mortifying must it be to me ! It was engaging me to own to a Woman so deserving of Respect, so deserving of Love, who had slighted the most advantageous Matches, and who had besides the
Right

Right of Obligations over me; it was engaging me, I say, to own to her, that a Passion born as it were with me, which Dissipation had not allayed, which Time ought to have strengthened, since it could not extinguish it, that this very Passion was to vanish only when it was become a Duty. What Opinion must it not force Madam *de Canaples* to take up of my Character?

I saw the Necessity of making such a Confession, and shuddered at the Thoughts of it; yet the more I deferred it, the more indispensable it became, besides that by delaying it too long, I should lose the Merit of it. The Constraint which every Day augmented between Madam *de Canaples* and me, began to make itself be remarked by Miss *de Foix*, and even gave her a Sort of Perplexity.

Yet this so necessary Confession was not the only Consideration that disquieted me. What was to be the Fruit of this Step? Could I flatter myself with being sure that Miss *de Foix* would take up for me the Sentiments with which she had inspired me, or supposing her so inclined, was not my
 Levity

Levity sufficient to deter her from giving way to them?

Though Madam *de Canaples* had entered into no Engagement with me, I had implicitly contracted one with her, and my Proposal not having been formally rejected, she was free, and I was no longer so.

I was agitated with so many different Reflexions that I had all the Hardship imaginable to determine myself. At length I took a Resolution to go to her, and lay open to her the whole State of my Soul. But scarce was I in her Presence, but I found myself so confused and out of Heart, that I had not the Power to utter a Word. My Distress was but the more remarkable, and I was going to withdraw without saying any thing to her, if she had not herself broke the Ice by speaking to me.

‘Your Condition,’ said she, ‘moves my Compassion; I read in your Soul all that you are afraid to tell me, and I ought to spare you so cruel a Torture, since you are virtuous enough to feel it.’

At these Words I was penetrated with Grief: ‘Me virtuous,’ said, I ‘Madam!’

‘Is

' Is it possible for you to allow me yet the
 ' least Remains of Virtue? when I find in
 ' myself nothing but Matter of Remorse
 ' to a Degree that distracts me. But cer-
 ' tainly I must have alarmed myself with-
 ' out Reason. No, it is not in Nature for
 ' me to cease to adore you. I have been
 ' causelessly afraid of having yielded to the
 ' Charms of Miss *de Foix*. Deserving as
 ' she may of being beloved, there can be
 ' no preferring her to you. My Reason
 ' in this Moment protests against a Mo-
 ' ment of Surprise.' Madam *de Canaples*
 did not permit me to go on. ' Do you
 ' know,' said she, ' that the Remorse you
 ' take the liberty of expressing is to me a
 ' most injurious Offence? Upon what is it
 ' that you judge that you have a Right to
 ' make yourself any Reproaches upon my
 ' Account?' ' Ah! Madam!' said I,
 ' pardon me, I have for you the most in-
 ' violable Respect, and surely my Design
 ' is not to ' Sir,' replied she, in-
 terrupting me, ' I approve the Sentiments
 ' you have for Miss *de Foix*, and very much
 ' desire that she should return them: This
 ' is all you have my Permission to believe.'

At these Words she went away, and left
 me in the most painful of Situations. I saw
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that I had irrecoverably lost her, without foreseeing what I ought to expect from *Miss de Foix*. *Madam de Canaples* did not appear for the rest of the Day, and in the Evening she sent us word that she was indisposed, and wanted rest. *Miss de Foix* then and I remained together alone. The Concern we were in for the Health of *Madam de Canaples* made at first the Subject of our Conversation, and *Miss de Foix* seizing this Occasion to express her Gratitude for the Generosity of her Procedure towards her, I could not help interrupting her. ‘*Madam de Canaples*,’ said I, ‘*Miss*, ‘is, I own, capable of the most generous ‘Sentiments; but permit me to tell you ‘that you cannot be considered as a Proof ‘of them. If upon other Respects she ‘deserves all possible Praise, she can only ‘be envied for having had the Happiness ‘to oblige you.’ ‘I do not know,’ said *Miss de Foix*, ‘whether I should have ‘found so much Kindness to me in any ‘one else, but it is happy for me to have ‘experienced it from the only Person, who ‘through the Honour I have of belonging ‘to her, had a right to make me accept ‘her Services.’ I had already discovered that *Miss de Foix* had a Nobility of Spirit in her Character; but I remarked besides, that

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that her Situation threw a Sort of Haughtiness into it. Indigence even exalts those whom it cannot depress. Whether she was embarrassed with a Conversation upon a Subject ever a little mortifying for the most courageous Gratitude, or whether she judged the being alone with me not so decent for her, she left me, under Pretext of enquiring about Madam *de Canaples's* Health, and whether she might not see her.

I durst not follow her in the Fear of putting any Constraint upon her, or perhaps because I dreaded the Presence of Madam *de Canaples*. The Torture I now endured proceeded from loving two estimable Persons at one Time; whilst this Division of my Heart already rendered me criminal in the Eyes of one, and might soon produce the same Effect upon the other.

The next Morning I learnt, that Miss *de Foix* had been shut up a considerable Time with Madam *de Canaples*. This last I sent to ask the Permission of seeing; it was granted me, and notwithstanding the cruel Agitation I was in, I went to pay her those Devoirs I could not without Indecency have dispensed with. 'I believe,'
said

faid ſhe, as ſoon as I came into the Room,
 ‘ that you will ſoon be happy, I have diſ-
 ‘ poſed Miſs *de Foix* to make you ſo.’

It would be vainly that I ſhould at-
 tempt to expreſs the Sentiments that theſe
 Words excited in my Soul. I was ſtruck
 with an Admiration for which I had not
 been prepared, and which was mixed
 with Shame, and even Grief. I knew
 Madam *de Canaples* too well to ſuſpect
 her of the leaſt Diſſimulation, and I was
 confounded at ſo great a Generoſity from
 her. I remained ſome Moments ſtupi-
 fied, and falling at her Feet, ‘ Do not,’
 ſaid I, ‘ Madam, expect my Thanks; I
 ‘ am too much humbled by the Exceſs of
 ‘ your Goodneſs, and ſhould indeed be un-
 ‘ worthy of it, if I durſt to take Advantage
 ‘ of it : Let me deſerve it by my Refuſal
 ‘ of it, and by an inviolable Reſpect. I
 ‘ ought no longer to live but to conſecrate
 ‘ my Days to you.’

‘ Riſe,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘ I am not ſurprized
 ‘ at the Sentiments you expreſs. You
 ‘ have, at this Inſtant wherewith to give
 ‘ praiſe to mine : You feel it, and with a
 ‘ Nobleneſs of Soul ; one is never the Ob-
 ‘ ject of an eſtimable Proceedure, but one
 ‘ is warmed at the firſt with a generous
 ‘ Gra-

' Gratitude. But believe me, the Love
 ' with which Miss *de Foix* had inspired you,
 ' is too well founded not to reassume its
 ' Empire. I will not suffer you to deceive
 ' yourself. You have had no more for
 ' me than the Taste that springs from that
 ' Impression which it is natural for the
 ' first agreeable Woman to make on the
 ' Heart of a young Man; an Impression
 ' that may have strengthened by the Habit
 ' of living with her. You preserved that
 ' Taste probably because you never met
 ' with a Woman estimable enough to at-
 ' tach you constantly to her. But Miss
 ' *de Foix*, uniting to Virtue the Graces of
 ' Youth and Beauty has a right to please,
 ' and to fix you. Was I to accept the
 ' Vows you offer me, your Repentance
 ' would not be long a following them. Ho-
 ' nour or Shame might engage you to
 ' keep them for some time. I should soon
 ' grow burthensome to you, you would at
 ' length come to openly retract them, and
 ' my Injustice would justify you.'

' Ah! Madam,' exclaimed I, ' ought you
 ' to imagine that after all I owe you, I
 ' could ever cease having for you the most
 ' lively Attachment? What I become
 ' ungrateful!' ' Even,' replied she, ' if you
 ' had

' had the Obligations to me you pretend
 ' to have, I know how far the Chain of
 ' Gratitude ought to extend. An unjust
 ' Benefactor is much more to be dreaded
 ' than an ungrateful Person. Ingratitude
 ' ought to excite more Contempt than
 ' Regret ; but the cruellest Situation for a
 ' true Spirit, is, that of having to com-
 ' plain of those to whom one has Obliga-
 ' tions ; and you would stand in that
 ' right with regard to me.'

I heard Madam *de Canaples* with a Sur-
 prise that put me by all Power to answer
 her, she spared me the Perplexity of it by
 going out of her Apartment, and I fol-
 lowed her into the Saloon, where we found
 Miss *de Foix*.

The different Reflexions with which all
 three of us had our Minds taken up, ne-
 cessarily produced a Constraint amongst us.
 We had no longer that Openness of Con-
 fidence which springs from a State of Tran-
 quility. Whatever Freedom of Spirit
 Madam *de Canaples* endeavoured to show
 outwardly, I could see through it a Fund
 of Melancholy and Grief that redoubled
 mine. Miss *de Foix* appeared anxious about
 Madam *de Canaples*, and embarrassed
 towards

towards me. In short there was nothing amongst us but a broken Conversation, Subjects begun and suspended by Intervals of Silence, or renewed by Reflexion.

Thus we passed the Day, and in the Evening Madam *de Canaples* retired to her Apartment upon some Business. I saw very well that Miss *de Foix* would not fail soon to follow her, and I thought I could not do better than to employ that Instant in speaking to her, not in the Design of advancing my own private Happiness, nor of taking the Benefit of Madam *de Canaples*'s Generosity, but purely to try to put an End to the Constraint I might occasion to both the one and the other.

‘ It is true,’ said I, ‘ Miss, that Madam *de Canaples* has had the Goodness to inform you of my Sentiments, and that you have deigned not to reject them ?’
 ‘ It is true,’ answered Miss *de Foix* blushing ‘ that I have assured Madam *de Canaples*, that she is the absolute Mistress of my Disposal, and that whatever were her Designs for me, she might depend upon a blind Obedience from me.’

' I shall be then indebted to nothing,
 ' replied I, but to your Submission to her,
 ' and to her must I stand indebted in all
 ' my Gratitude ?' I should think, said
 she, ' that respecting Madam *de Canaples*
 ' as you do, and as she deserves, you
 ' ought to approve of my not conducting
 ' myself but by her Counsels. Besides,
 ' what I owe to your Sentiments does not
 ' make me forget what I owe to myself,
 ' and I have a great Inquietude on my
 ' Spirits, for what I remark of the same,
 ' for some Days past, in Madam *de Cana-*
 ' *ples*. I am ignorant of the Motives of it,
 ' but it seems to me as if it dated only
 ' from the Time she has been taken up with
 ' my Establishment. Can I be the Object
 ' of her Uneasiness ? Or, if that were the
 ' Case, why interest herself so much for my
 ' sake ? I do not know what to think, and
 ' am therefore the more anxious about it.
 ' You, who are her Friend, you, per-
 ' haps, may know something of it ; deign
 ' to inform me. One cannot but forgive
 ' a Curiosity which proceeds from Ten-
 ' derness of Sentiment.'

Miss *de Foix*'s Question caused me an
 Emotion she might easily have perceived.
 I was the more confused for my not being
 in

in a Condition to answer her. I should never have dared to own to her the Wrongs I was guilty of towards Madam *de Canaples*. Besides the Respect I owed her made Dissimulation upon this Subject a Duty ; it would have been an Excess of Injuriousness to have represented her Uneasiness as the Effect of my Inconstancy.

Madam *de Canaples*, who returned to us at that Instant, relieved me from the Pain I was in. As I had made to myself a Law to hide nothing from her, as soon as I found myself alone with her, I gave her an Account of what I had said to Miss *de Foix*, and of what she had answered me, without suppressing that of the Uneasiness she had expressed. Madam *de Canaples* told me, ‘ she would soon convince her of ‘ the Sincerity with which she interested ‘ herself in her behalf.’

From that Instant I thought I remarked in Madam *de Canaples* more Serenity, which also procured me a little more Calm. I passed some Time without daring to hazard the least Touch upon any Thing relative to the Situation I was now in, and only confined myself to pay my court to Miss *de Foix*, and my Devoirs to Madam

de Canaples, leaving all the rest to Time and Fortune.

At length, *Madam de Canaples* told me, that having come to a Certainty that *Miss de Foix* had an Inclination for me, she looked upon her as the properest Match for me, and that she would contribute to our Union: That in Favour of it, she would settle the Reversion of her own Estate upon *Miss de Foix*, and put me in immediate Possession of that of the Count *de Canaples*.

At these Words I was seized with more Shame than Gratitude. I made her Answer: That I could never consent to so much Generosity, and that if she had absolutely resolved to accomplish my Marriage with *Miss de Foix*, my Fortune was sufficient for her and me.

‘It is not my Intention,’ replied *Madam de Canaples*, ‘that *Miss de Foix* should owe you too much, even for your own sake. For its not being so, her Tenderness will be the less constrained, and perhaps the more lively. As to myself, since you oblige me to speak more openly than I had proposed to myself, I thought that
‘ you

' you had owed me Reparation enough at
 ' least not to controul me in my Regulations.
 ' Though I never had a Design to yield to
 ' the Pressingness you shewed foriving
 ' me accept the Offer of your Hand per-
 ' haps it has made upon my Heart greater
 ' Impression than it ought to have done.
 ' I may have leaned to your Sentiments
 ' with too much Complaisance. If that
 ' were so, how could I answer for myself
 ' against the Weakness and Injustice of
 ' Self-love? Notwithstanding all the Friend-
 ' ship I have for you and *Miss de Foix*,
 ' you might be in certain Moments, Ob-
 ' jects of a small Humiliation to myself.
 ' Perhaps it is necessary I should myself con-
 ' tribute to your Happiness, that I may
 ' always see it with Pleasure. I ought to
 ' omit nothing that may make both the
 ' one and the other dear to me. You have
 ' lost the Right of refusing my Benefits;
 ' suffer me to lay them out upon you, as
 ' well for my own Interest, as out of Ge-
 ' nerosity. I give you in this Moment
 ' the strongest Proof of Confidence of which
 ' I am capable, or you can be worthy.
 ' Your Gratitude ought to make me no
 ' Answer, but by your Silence, and I
 ' dare add, by your Respect, and a per-
 ' fect Submission to my Will.'

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was not in my Power, even if I had
dur to express by Words the Sentiments with
which I was penetrated. Those of Love, of
Gratitude, of Respect, were all beneath her.
I had nothing for it but to feel the pro-
found Veneration, and that I could only
express by my Confusion

Two Days after, she made all the Dis-
positions she thought proper for my Mar-
riage, and could not avoid remarking
with what a decent Address she sought to
strengthen, by Motives of Esteem, the In-
clination that Miss de Foix appeared to have
for me. At length our Marriage was ce-
lebrated, and from that time my Wife
is taken up with nothing but her Study to
please me. Madam de Canapies seems to
make her own Happiness of ours, and
what has yet augmented our Felicity, is
the Circumstance of owing it to her, and
of finding in her a Benefactress, a Mother,
a Friend, a Guide, and a Model of Vir-
tue; whilst the happy and tranquil Situa-
tion I enjoy, proves to me every Instant,
that no true Felicity can exist, but in the
Union of Pleasure with Duty.

F I N I S.

Errat. Page 92. line 23, for appear, read not appear.



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